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THE GIRL WITH THE CALICO DRESS.

BY ROBERT JOSSELYN.

A FIG for your upper ten girls,
With their velvets, satins and laces,
Their diamonds, and rubies, and pearls,
And their milliner figures and faces;
They may shine at a party or ball,
Emblazon'd with half they possess,
But give me in place of them all
My girl with the calico doess.

She is plump as a partridge, as fair
As those in the earliest bloom;
Her teeth will with ivory compare,
And her breath with the clover perfume,
Her step is as free and as light
As the fawn's whom the hunters do press,
And her eye is as soft and as bright,
My girl with the calico dress.

Your dandies and foplings may sneer
At her modest and simple attire,
But the charms she permits to appear
Would set a whole iceberg on fire.
She can dance, but she never allows
The hugging, the squeeze and caress,
She is saving all these for her spouse,
My girl with the calico dress.

She is cheerful, warm-hearted and true,
And kind to her father and mother,
She studies how much she can do
For her sweet little sister and brother.
If you want a companion for life,
To comfort, enliven and bless,
She is just the right sort of a wife,
My girl with the calico dress.

A NIGHT IN A GAMING HOUSE.

BY A LONDON DETECTIVE.

A little more than a year after the period when adverse circumstances—chiefly the result of my reckless follies—compelled me to enter the ranks of the metropolitan police, as the sole means left me of procuring food and raiment, the attention of one of the principal chiefs of the force was attracted towards me by the ingenuity and boldness which I was supposed to have manifested in hitting upon and unravelling a clue, which ultimately led to the detection and punishment of an artistically contrived fraud upon an eminent tradesman of the west end of London. The chief sent for me, and after a somewhat lengthened conversation, not only expressed admiration for my conduct in the particuler matter under discussion, but hinted that he might shortly need my services in other matters requiring intelligence and resolution.

"I think I have met you before," he remarked, with a meaning smile, on dismissing me, "when you occupied a different position from the present one. Do not alarm yourself—I have no wish to pry unnecessarily into other men's secrets. Waters is a name common enough in all ranks of society, and I may, you know,"—here the cold smile deepened into an ironical expression—"be mistaken. At all events, the testimony of the gentleman whose recommendation obtained your admission to the force—I have looked into the matter since I heard of your behavior in the late business—is a sufficient guarantee that nothing more serious than imprudence and folly can be laid to your charge. I have neither the right nor inclination to inquire further. To-morrow, in all probability, I shall send for you."

I came to the conclusion, as I walked homeward, that the chief's intimation of having previously met me in another sphere of life, was a random and unfounded one, as I seldom visited London in my prosperous days, and still more rarely mingled in its society. My wife, however, to whom I, of course, related the substance of the conversation, reminded me that we had once been to Doncaster during the races, and suggested that he might possibly have seen me there. This was a sufficiently probable explanation of the hint, but whether the correct one or not, I cannot decide, as he never after alluded to the subject, and I had not the slightest wish to renew it. Three days elapsed before I received the expected summons. On waiting on him, I was agreeably startled to find that I was to be once more employed on a mission which the most sanguine and experienced detective officer would have felt honored to undertake.

"Here is a written description of the persons of this gang of blacklegs, swindlers, and forgers," concluded the commissioner, summing up his instructions. "It will be your object to discover their private haunts, and secure legal evidence of their notorious practices. We have been hitherto baffled, principally, I think, through the too hasty zeal of the officers employed; you must especially avoid that error. They are practiced scoundrels, and it will require considerable patience, as well as acumen, to unkennel and bring them to justice. One of their more recent victims is a young Mr. Merton, son by a former marriage, of the Dowager Lady Everton. Her Ladyship has failed to extricate him from the toils in which he is meshed. You will call upon her at five o'clock this afternoon—in plain clothes, of course—and obtain whatever information on the subject she may be able to afford. Remember to communicate directly with me—and any assistance you may require shall be promptly rendered."

With these, and a few other minor directions, needless to recapitulate, I was dismissed to a task which, difficult and possibly perilous as it might prove, I hailed as a delightful relief from the weary monotony and dull routine of ordinary duty. I hurried home, and after dressing with great care—the best part of my wardrobe had been fortunately saved by Emily from the wreck of my fortune—I proceeded to Lady Everton's mansion. I was marshaled to the drawing-room, where I found her ladyship and her daughter—a beautiful, fair-looking girl—awaiting my arrival. Lady Everton appeared greatly surprised at my appearance, differing, as I dare say it altogether did, from her abstract idea of a policeman, however attired or disguised; and it was not until she had perused the note of which I was the bearer, that her haughty and incredulous stare became mitigated to a glance of condescendant civility.

"Be seated, Mr. Waters," said her ladyship, waving me to a chair. The note informs me that you have been selected for the duty of endeavoring to extricate my son from the perilous entanglements in which he has unhappily involved himself."

I was about to reply—for I was silly enough to feel somewhat nettled at the noble lady's haughtiness of manner—that I was engaged in the public service of extirpating a gang of swindlers with whom her son had involved himself, and was there to procure from her ladyship any information she might be possessed of, likely to forward so desirable a result, but fortunately, the remembrance of my actual position, spite of my gentleman's attire, flashed vividly across my mind; and, instead of letting my glib tongue wag irreverently, I bowed with deferential acquiescence. Her ladyship proceeded, and I in substance received the following information:

Mr. Charles Merton, during the few months which had elapsed, had literally fallen "amongst thieves." A passion for gambling seemed to have taken entire possession of his being; and almost every day, as well as night, of his haggard, feverish life, was spent at play. A run of ill luck, according to his own belief—but, in very truth, a run of downright robbery—had set in against him, and he had not only dissipated all the ready money which he had inherited, and the large sums which the foolish indulgence of his lady mother had supplied him with, but had involved himself in bonds, bills, and other obligations, to a fearful amount. The principal agent in effecting this ruin was one Sanford—a man of fashionable and dashing exterior, and the presiding spirit of the desperadoes whom I was commissioned to hunt out. Strange to say, Mr. Merton had the blindest reliance on this man's honor; and even now—tricked, despoiled as he had been by him and his gang—relied on his counsel and assistance for his escape from the desperate position in which he was involved. The Everton estates had passed, in default of male issue, to a distant relative of the late lord; so that ruin, absolute, irredeemable, stared both the wretched dupe and his relatives in the face. Lady Everton's jointure was not a very large one; and her son had been permitted to squander sums which should have been devoted to the discharge of claims which were now pressing harshly against her.

I listened with the deepest interest to Lady Everton's narrative. Repeatedly during the course of it, as she accidentally alluded to the manner and appearance of Sanford, who had been introduced by Mr. Merton to his mother and sister, a suspicion, which the police papers had awakened, that the gentleman in question was an old acquaintance of mine, and one, moreover, whose favors I was extremely desirous to return in kind, flashed with increased conviction across my mind. This surmise I, of course, kept to myself; and, after emphatically cautioning the ladies to keep our proceedings a profound secret from Mr. Merton, I took my departure, amply provided with the resources requisite for the carrying into effect the scheme I had resolved upon. I also arranged that, instead of waiting personally upon her ladyship, which might excite observation and suspicion, I should report my progress by letter, through the post.

"If it should be he!" thought I, as I emerged into the street. The mere supposition had sent the blood through my veins with furious violence. "If this Sanford is, as I suspect, that villain Cardon, it will indeed be a triumph—victory. Lady Everton need not, in that case, seek to animate my zeal by promises of money recompense. A blighted existence, a young and gentle wife by his means cast down from opulence to sordid beggary, would stimulate the dullest craven that ever crawled the earth to energy and action. Pray Heaven my suspicions may prove correct, and then, oh, my enemy, look well to yourself, for the avenger is at your heels."

Sanford, I had been instructed, was usually present at the Italian opera during the ballet; the box he generally occupied was designated in the memoranda of the police, and I saw by the bills that a very successful piece was to be performed that evening, and was determined on being present. I entered the house at ten o'clock, just after the commencement of the ballet, and looked around. The box in which I was instructed to see my men was empty. The momentary disappointment was soon repaid. Five minutes had not elapsed, when Cardon, looking more insolently triumphant than ever, entered arm-in-arm with a pale, aristocratic looking man, whom I had no difficulty, from his striking resemblance to a portrait in Lady Everton's drawing-room, in deciding to be Mr. Merton.

My course of action was at once determined upon. Pausing only to master the emotion which the sight of the glittering reptile in whose poisonous folds I had been involved and crushed, inspired, I passed to the opposite side of the house, and boldly entered the box. Cardon's back was towards me, and I tapped him lightly on the shoulder. He turned quickly round, and if a basalisk had confronted him, he could scarcely have exhibited greater surprise. My aspect, nevertheless, was studiously bland and conciliatory, and my outstretched hand seemed to invite a renewal of our old friendship.

"Waters!" he at last stammered, feebly accepting my proffered grasp—"who would have thought of meeting you here?"

"Not you, certainly, since you stare at an old friend as if he were some frightful goblin about to swallow you. Really."

"Hush! let us speak together in the lobby. An old friend," he added, in reply to Mr. Merton's surprised stare; "we will return in an instant."

"Well, what's all this, Waters?" said Cardon, recovering his wonted *sang froid* the moment we were alone. I understood you had retired from amongst us; were, in fact—what shall I say?"

"Ruined—done up! Nobody should know better than you.

"My good fellow, you do not imagine ——"

"I imagine nothing, my dear Cardon. I was very thoroughly done—done brown, as it is written in a vulgar tongue. But fortunately my kind old uncle —"

"Passgrove is dead," interrupted my old acquaintance, eagerly jumping to a conclusion, "and you are his heir. I congratulate you, my dear fellow. This is indeed a charming reverse of circumstances."

"Yes; but mind, I have given up the old game. No more devilry for me. I have promised Emily never to touch a card again."

The cold, hard eye of the incarnate fiend—he was little else—gleamed mockingly as these "good intentions" of a professional gamester fell upon his ear, but he replied: "Very good, quite right, my boy. But come, let me introduce you to Mr. Merton, a highly connected personage, I assure you. By the way, Waters," he added, in a caressing, confidential tone, my name, for family and other reasons, which I will hereafter explain to you, is, for the present, Sanford."

"Sanford?"

"Yes, do not forget. Let us go in, or the ballet will be over."

I was introduced in due time to Mr. Merton, as an old and esteemed friend, whom he (Sanford) had not seen for many months. At the conclusion of the ballet, Sanford proposed that we should adjourn to the European Coffee House, nearly opposite, and out we sallied. At the top of the stair-case we jostled against the commissioner, who, like us, was leaving the house. He bowed slightly to Mr. Merton's apology, and his eye wandered coldly and briefly over our persons; not the slightest sign of recognition escaped him. I thought it possible he did not know me in changed apparel—but looking back after descending a few steps, I was quickly undeceived. A sharp, quick glance, expressive both of encouragement and surprise, shot out from under his eyebrows, and as quickly vanished. He did not know how little encouragement I needed for me to gain the goal we had in view. We consumed two or three bottles of wine with great relish. Sanford, especially, was in exuberant spirits—brimming with brilliant wit and galling badinage. He saw in me a fresh victim, and his eager spirit swelled by an intuition in the victory which he doubted not to obtain over my excellent intentions and wife-pledged virtue. About half-past twelve he proposed to adjourn. This was eagerly assented to by Mr. Merton, who had for some time exhibited unmistakable signs of impatience and unrest.

"You will accompany us, Waters?" said Sanford, as we rose to depart. "There is, I suppose, no vow registered in the matrimonial archives against looking on at a game played by others?"

"Oh, no! but do not ask me to play.'"

"Certainly not," and a devilish sneer curled his lip. "Your virtue shall suffer no temptation, be assured."

We soon arrived before the door of a quiet, respectable-looking house, in one of the streets leading to the Strand; a low, peculiar knock, given by Sanford, was promptly answered; then a password, which I did not catch, was whispered by him through the keyhole, and we passed in. We proceeded up stairs to the first floor, the shutters of which were carefully closed, so that no intimation of what was going on could possibly reach the street. The apartment was brilliantly lighted, a roulette table and dice and cards were in full activity; wines and liquors of all varieties were profusely paraded. There was about half-a-dozen present, I soon discovered, besides the gang, and that comprised eleven or twelve well-dressed desperadoes, whose sinister aspect induced a momentary qualm lest one or more of the pleasant party might suspect or recognize my vocation. This, however, I reflected was scarcely possible. My beat during the short time I had been in the force, was far distant from the usual haunts of such gentry, and I was otherwise unknown in London. Still questioning glances were eagerly directed toward my introducer; and one big burly fellow, a foreigner—the rascals were the scum of various countries—was unpleasantly inquisitive. "*J'en responds!*" I heard Sanford say in answer to his iterated queries, and he added something in a whisper which brought a sardonic smile to the fellow's lips, and induced a total change in his demeanor toward myself. This was reassuring; for though provided with pistols, I should, I felt, have little chance with such utterly reckless fellows as those by whom I was surrounded. Play was proposed; and though at first I stoutly resisted, I feigned to be overcome by irresistible temptation, and sat down to blind hazzard with my foreign friend for moderate stakes. I was graciously allowed to win, and in the end found myself richer in money by about ten pounds. Mr. Merton was soon absorbed in the chances of dice, and lost large sums, for which, when the money he had brought with him was exhausted, he gave written acknowledgements. The cheating practiced on him was really audacious, and any one but a tyro must have repeatedly detected it. He, however, appeared not to entertain the slightest suspicion of the "fair play" of his opponents, guiding himself by the advice of his friend and counsellor, who did not himself play. The amiable assemblage broke up about six o'clock in the morning, each person retiring singly by the back way, receiving, as he departed, a new pass-word for the next evening.

A few hours afterwards I waited on the commissioner to report the state of affairs. He was delighted with the fortunate *debut* I had made, but strictly enjoined patience and caution. It would have been easy, as I was in possession of the password, to have surprised the confederacy in the act of gaming that very evening; but this would have only accomplished a part of the object aimed at. Several of the fraternity—Sanford amongst the number—were suspected of uttering forged notes, and it was essential to watch narrowly for legal evidence, and restore, if possible, the property and securities of which Mr. Merton had been pillaged.

Nothing of especial importance occurred for seven or eight days. Gaming went on as usual every evening, and Mr. Merton became, of course, more and more involved; even his sister's jewels, which he had surreptitiously obtained—to such a depth of degradation will this vice plunge men otherwise honorable—had been staked and lost, and he was, by the advice of Sanford, to conclude a heavy mortgage on his estate, in order not only to clear off his enormous "debts of honor," but to acquire fresh means of "winning back"—that *ignus fatuus* of all gamblers—his tremendous losses! A new preliminary "dodge" was, I observed, now brought into action. Mr. Merton esteemed himself a knowing hand at ecarte. It was produced, and he was permitted to win every game, much to the apparent annoyance and discomfiture of the losers. As this was precisely the snare into which I had myself fallen, I, of course, the more readily detected it, and felt certain that the grand coup was meditated! In the meantime I had not been idle. Sanford was confidentially informed that I was only waiting in London to receive between four and five thousand pounds—part of Uncle Passmore's legacy—and then intended to immediately hasten back to canny Yorkshire. To have seen the villain's eyes as I accidentally, as it were, announced my errand and intention! They fairly flashed with glee! Ah, Sanford! Sanford! you were, with all your cunning, but a sand-blind idiot to believe the man you had wronged and ruined could so easily forget the debt he owed you.

The crisis came swiftly on. Mr. Merton's mortgage money was to be paid on the morrow; and on that day, too, I announced that the fabulous thousands received by me, were to be handed over. Mr. Merton, elated by his repeated triumphs at ecarte, and prompted by the conspirators, hoped to redeem his losses by staking on that game his ready money against these liabilities. This was at first demurred to with much apparent earnestness by the winners, but Mr. Merton, warmly seconded by Sanford, insisting upon the concession, as he deemed it, it was finally agreed that ecarte should be the game by which he might hope to regain his fortune and peace of mind he had so rashly squandered; the last time, should he be successful—and was he not sure of success?—he assured Sanford, that he would never handle cards or dice. He should have heard the mocking merriment with which the gang heard Sanford repeat this resolution to amend his ways—when he recovered back his wealth!

The day so eagerly longed for by Merton and the confederates—by the spoilers and their prey—arrived, and I awaited with feverish anxiety the coming on of night. Only the chief conspirators, eight in number, were to be present, and no strangers but myself—a privilege I owed to the moonshine legacy I had just received—was to be admitted to the crowning triumph of successful fraud. One only hint I had ventured to give Mr. Merton, and that under a promise, "on his honor as a gentleman" of inviolable secrecy. This was it—"Be sure, on commencing play to-morrow night, that the bonds and obligations you have signed, the jewels you have lost, with a sum in notes or gold to make up an equal amount to that on which you make the risk, is actually deposited on the table." He promised to insist on the condition. It involved much more than I dreamed of then.

My arrangements were at length thoroughly complete; and a few minutes past twelve o'clock the whispered password admitted me into the house. An angry altercation was going on. Mr. Merton was insisting, as I had advised, upon the exhibition of a sum equal to that which he had brought with him—for, confident of winning, he was determined to recover his losses to the last farthing; and although his bonds, bills, obligations, his sister's jewels and genuine notes were produced, there was still a heavy sum deficient.

"Ah, by the by," exclaimed Sanford, as I entered, "Waters can lend you the sum for an hour or two—for a consideration," he added in a whisper, "it will soon be returned."

"No, thank you," I answered coldly, "I never part with money till I have lost it."

A malignant smile passed over the scoundrel's features, but he made no reply. Ultimately it was decided that one of the fraternity should be dispatched in search of the required sum. He was gone about half an hour, and returned with a bundle of notes. They were, as I hoped and expected, forgeries on foreign banks. Mr. Merton looked at and counted them, and the play commenced. As it went on, so vividly did the scene recall the evening that had sealed my own ruin, that I grew dizzy with excitement, and drained tumbler after tumbler of water to allay the fevered throbbing of my veins. The gamblers were fortunately too much absorbed to heed my agitation. Merton lost continuously—without pause or intermission. The stakes were doubled—trebled—quadrupled! His brain was on fire; and he played or rather lost, with the recklessness of a madman!

"Hark! what's that!" suddenly exclaimed Sanford, from whose Satanic features the mask he had so long worn before Merton had been gradually slipping. "Did you hear a noise below?"

My ear had caught the sound, and I could better interpret it than he. It ceased.

"Touch the signal bell, Adolphe," added Sanford.

Not only the play, but the very breathing of the villains was suspended, as they listened for the reply. It came. The answering tinkle sounded, once—twice—thrice.

"All right!" shouted Sanford. "Proceed! the farce is nearly played out."

I had instructed the officers that two of them, in plain clothes, should present themselves at the front door, obtain admission by means of the password I had given, and immediately seize and gag the doorkeeper. I had also acquainted them with the proper answer to the signal bell—three pulls at the bell-handle communicating with the first floor. Their comrades were then to be admitted, and they were all silently to ascend the stairs, and wait on the landing till summoned by me to enter and seize the gamesters. The back entrance to the house was also securely but unobtrusively watched. One only fear disturbed me. It was lest the scoundrels should take alarm in time to extinguish the lights, destroy the forged papers, and possibly escape by some private passage unknown to me.

Rousing myself as soon as the play was resumed, from the trance of memory by which I had been in some sort absorbed, and first ascertaining that my pistols were within easy reach, for I knew I was playing a desperate game, I rose, stepped carelessly to the door, partially opened it, and bent forward as if listening to a repetition of the sound which had so alarmed the company. To my great delight, the stairs and landing were filled with police officers, silent and stern as death. I drew back and walked toward the table at which Mr. Merton was seated. The last stake, an enormous one, was being played for. Merton lost. He sprang upon his feet, death-pale, despairing, overwhelmed, and a hoarse execration surged from his clenched teeth. Sanford and his associates coolly raked the plunder together, their features lighted up with fiendish glee,

"Villain—traitor—miscreant!" shrieked Merton, as if smitten with a sudden frenzy, and darting at Sanford's throat; "you, devil that you are, you have undone and destroyed me!"

"No doubt of it," calmly replied Sanford, shaking off his victim's grasp, "and I think it has been very artistically and effectively done, too. Sniveling, my fine fellow, will scarcely help you any."

Mr. Merton glared upon the taunting villain in speechless agony and rage.

"Not quite so fast, Cardon, if you please," I exclaimed, at the same time taking up a bundle of forged notes. "It does not appear to me that Mr. Merton has played against equal stakes, for unquestionably this paper is not genuine."

"Dog!" roared Sanford, "do you value your life so cheap!" and he rushed toward me as if to seize the forged notes.

I was as quick as he, and the leveled tube of a pistol sharply arrested his eager onslaught. The entire party gathered near us, flaming with excitement. Sanford looked bewilderedly from one to another, apparently scarcely conscious of what was passing around him.

"Wretch, the papers I will have," screamed Sanford, recovering himself. "Seize him—stab him—strangle him!"

"Look to yourself, scoundrel," I replied, with equal vehemence. "Your time has come! Officers, enter and do your duty."

In an instant the room was filled with people—and surprised, panic-stricken, paralyzed by the suddenness of the catastrophe, the gang were all secured without the slightest resistance, though most of them were armed, and marched off in custody. Three—Sanford, or Cardon, (but he had a half dozen aliases,) one of them—were transported for life; the rest were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. My task was effectually accomplished.

My superiors were pleased to express very warm commendation of the manner in which I had acquitted myself; and the first step in the promotion, which ultimately led to my present position in another branch of the public service, was soon afterwards conferred upon me. Mr. Merton had his bonds, obligations, jewels and money, restored to him, and was taught wisdom by terrible experience never again to enter a gaming-house.

Neither he nor his lady mother were ungrateful for the service I had been fortunate enough to render them.

"A NIGGER SERMON."

UNCLE NATHAN, said to be a pious and zealous contraband in "old Virginny," recently delivered the following sermon in the presence of a large assemblage of soldiers, and other "disgusting hearers:"

My Belubed Frens: You must bear wid me to-day; I'ze under de painful necessity ob bein somewhat pussonal. A darkey 'longing to dese regions here hab been a cuttin up quite strenousiy, and de Lod hab sent me here dis day to take him down a peg or two. He bin gwine and gwine about 'mong de innersent lambs ob dis flock, like a wolf in sheep's clodin, seekin who he must devower sumbody. You all knows dat many years ago I cum to dis place, an wid de Lod's help I gadered in great numbers ob dese wandering sheeps into de Lod's fole and de methody church. Sence my ole massy and missus dun died I hab been sold out ob de family. It hab not been my privilege to visit you offin sence, and in my absence dese Baptis and Camelites come in, an hab bin leadin many ob dese preshus innersent sheeps into de water, sayin, "'cept yer be mersed yer cannot be sabed."

Now my deer frenz, dis am all a grand mistake, for de words 'merse an mershum am not widin de leds ob de old bible. But our Baptis frenz 'majin da see it on ebry leef ob de sakred pages, but jist as sure as ye are born da ain't dar nohow, and de bess proof ob it am de fac dat da am tryin to made a new bible to git it in.

My tex dis day am in de book of Revolutions, an it read, "For de grate day ob de rath is come, and who shall be able to stan?"

Now, in de fus place presently, we will make some marks pon de New Diversion. Dis was bout de time ob de grate effort ob our Baptis frenz to git up a new translation ob de bible; and in de fus place next, my belubbed frenz, de awful question do arise, will de Baptis be able to stan? My Lod! God bress you, my frenz, da won't, for dar'll be no padlin in dat day—an de Baptis can't go at all 'cept by padlin! Dacry day an nite, Sousee em under; and I majin I see de poor deluded Baptis standin on de banks ob Jurdan an singin, "On Jurdan's stormy banks I stan, an cast a wishful eye." Oh! my brudder Baptis' 'twill be a wishful eye; no possession fur yer dar. Ah, when dat day come, all de water craft will be fast on de sand bars. De heavens will pass away wid a great noise. De earth will melt wid fervent heat. De 'Hio Riber will bile like a pot, and be dried up, an all de coal mines will smoke like a tar kill. Ah, my honeys, I majin I hear de poor Baptis cryin for de rocks an de mountains dec away, and ebry rock be red hot. Ah, my Lod! an no water for our Baptis frenz—tight place, my frenz, fur dese bredrens; no water, good Lod, no water!

De nex question am, my honeys, will de Meffadis be able to stan? God bress you, my 'lightened heagers, da won't do nuffin else. Lod bress you, honeys, da will dat! Da an de Presmyterian frenz am gwine to hebben by de baptism ob de Holy Ghost! An in dat day da'll rise abuv de burnin worl. Da mount up on de wings ob faith, an not trust de oars an paddles, for da all burn up. Oh! my honeys, I know de Baptis darkeys say de Mefferdis am like de grasshopper—da jump so high da jump clean ober hebben! God bress yer, honey, da nober rest till da jump back, an jump in agin. Da say de Baptis like de grubworm—"slow but sure." My Lod, honies, you put de grubworm in de 'Hio riber, how fur yer tink da trabl? My Lod, spose he git to de bottom, de fish cotch him. Ah, my Baptis frenz, you so fond ob de water, de debil cotch you fore you gits to de land ob de eberlastin bless. Oh, my honies, de wust sin ob all de Baptis is, dat da got tired ob de ole bible, de ole family bible, de dear bressed bible dat lay on de stan. My Lod, an da gwine to make a new one wid a canawl thro it, so long da float clean to glory. Why, God bress you, Baptis, don't you know dat if you adds anything to dat good book, God smite you wid de plage, bull frogs, an de verysipolas. If you takes anyting away from dat book, he takes yer name clean out ob hebben! In de ole book it read, "I indeed baptise you wid water, but thar come one arter me, whose shoes I am not worthy to untie. He'll baptise you wid de Holy Ghost and wid fire." An dey gwine to make it read, "I indeed merse yer in water—but he shall indeed merse yer in the Holy Ghost and in fire." My Lod, honies, who eber hear ob anybody bein mersed in fire, 'cept de three Hebrewsers children, who wus cast inter de burnin fiery furniss by de edic of King Nebushadneezer. I muss now close my discuss; but fore I sets down, let me ax you, my honies, to stick to de ole bible foreber. Amen.

A LIVE YANKEE IN LONDON.

A live Yankee from the Green Mountains of Vermont, visited the city of London. While passing through one of the principal thoroughfares of trade and travel, his attention was suddenly arrested by some beautiful specimens of writing paper, exposed for sale at a shop window. Seeing the proprietor of the establishment standing at the door, the Yankee civilly inquired of him "what he did with them nice bits of paper?"

"We keep them to tie up *gape seed* in," said the cockney, snappishly.

"Oh, ye du, du ye?" said Jonathan, while he looked as though he were inventing a trick with which he intended to pay off the impertinent cockney in his own coin. Passing down the street a few steps, our indignant Yankee saw another merchant, who was not only an Englishman, but a gentleman also.

"I say, mister, can you tell me what that feller duz for a livin' what keeps them ere nice bits o' paper at the winder?"

"Yes sir; he is a small dealer in paper, and a sort of scribe. He writes letters for those persons who desire his assistance."

I reckon he is a very small dealer, and that he is a pharisee as well as a scribe. Do you think he'd write a letter for me if I pay him for it?"

"Certainly he will, and jump at the chance. That is his principal occupation."

The Yankee thrust his hands (I might add arms) into his pockets almost up to his elbows, for he felt the sting in the waspish words uttered by the paper dealer, and walked back to the shop where he had been so rudely treated.

"I say, mister, they say as how you sell paper and write letters for folks what can't write. What will you tax to write a letter to my sister Sally?"

"I shall charge you five shillings," replied the Englishman, softening his tone as that government does since it has heard of our great victories.

"Will ye write jest what I tell ye, and spell the words right, as we do in Vermont?" inquired the Yankee.

"To be sure I will. I understand my business perfectly."

"Well, I don't care if ye du; I guess you may write to Sally."

"Dear sister Sally. Hev ye got that down?"

"Yes."

"Rived in London last week. Hev ye got that down and spelt right?"

"Yes—go on."

"Thought I'd go into the country and take a ride. Got that down right?"

"Yes, yes—go on; don't detain me so."

"I pay you five shillings, don't I, by-and-by?"

"Yes, yes—but you need not detain me so."

"That's my business and not yourn. Wal, the old mare baulked. Baulked is a hard word; you can spell baulked so that Sally'll know what it means?"

"To be sure I can."

"Wal, I don't care if you du. She wouldn't go, and so I licked her, and licked her, and licked her, and licked her, and licked her—"

"Well, go on."

"And licked her, and licked her, and licked her—"

"What is the use of saying it over so many times?"

"None of yer business. I pay you five shillings—and licked her, and licked her, and licked her, and licked her, and licked her, and licked her, and licked her, and licked her, and—"

"This page is full of and licked hers."

"Turn over then; and licked her, and licked her, and licked her, and licked her, and licked her. She wouldn't go then; so I got out and kicked her, and kicked her, and kicked her, and kicked her, and kicked her, and kicked her, and kicked her, and kicked her, and kicked her, and kicked her, and—"

"You are not intending to say that as many times as you said 'licked her.'"

"None of yer business. I pay you five shillings, you know. I kicked her, and kicked her, and kicked her, and kicked her, and kicked her, and kicked her. She wouldn't go then; so I sharpened the end of my whip-handle, and pricked her, and pricked her, and pricked her, and pricked her, and pricked her, and pricked her—"

"I don't see any sense in all this."

"Never mind; I pay you for what you do. I licked her, and kicked her, and pricked her, and licked her, and kicked her, and pricked her, and licked her, and kicked her. She wouldn't go then. So I got in and told her——" (here the Yankee made a chirruping noise with his lips and tongue, which bids defiance to orthography.)

"I cannot spell that," said the Englishman.

"O, ye can't spell that, ha? Wal then ye needn't write any more for me, if ye can't spell that."

"Need not write any more," said the cockney, with a look of astonishment.

"No more," said the Yankee, perfectly composed.

"Not a word to close with?"

"Nary a word."

"You will pay me for what I have written?"

"Not a red. You didn't write down all I told you to."

"Well sir, what am I to do with all this paper that I have spoiled?"

"*Keep it to tie up gape seeds in.*"

THE DARK DAY.

The dark day was on the 19th of May, 1780. Where I resided at that time, the darkness at 11 o'clock was so great, that a candle was lighted and placed on the table; the fowls went to roost; the sheep all huddled around in a circle, with their heads inward. The grass, to look at it through the window, seemed of a yellow green, the same as to look through smoked glass upon green grass.

I well remember that the gentleman of the house read the following scripture by a candle to his numerous family:—

"The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before that great and notable day of the Lord's coming."

The darkness was so great in the night time that it was said by one Dr. Blackington, who resided near the northeast part of Rehoboth, who had occasion to be out among sick patients that night, that he could not see his white pocket handkerchief placed before his eyes. The darkness was so thick that it could be felt.

The year 1780 was celebrated for its many northern lights; they covered the whole horizon over; they would flash like lightning, and fill the air with the smell of sulphur. The lights were so red, that the flashes would bring warmth against the face.

The great snow fall was in December, 1779, or January, 1780. It snowed seven days; the snow was estimated to be four feet on the level, and the drifts from eight to ten feet high. The snow came moist and coarse, and it was so cold that it congealed very hard. The people travelled over stone walls with their teams. It is said to be a fact, that for thirty days the snow did not melt from the eaves on the sunny side. The banks were so high that sheep were buried up in them, and there remained for forty days, until they were found by their air holes, and dug out alive.

This year the whole of the Narragansett Bay was frozen over so thick and hard, that the late Honorable John Brown passed from Providence on the river of ice, to Newport and back, and I believe some went on skating parties the whole range. Gen. William Valentine sleighed wood from Fall River to Newburyport, on the ice, through Bristol Ferry.

The people of Newport burnt their furniture to keep themselves from freezing. The British army had left the Island of Rhode Island in November, 1779, and stripped the people of all their valuables. In a manner the years of 1779 and 1780, were the hardest winters known for a century last past.

The weather was so severe in the winter of 1780, that many people were frozen to death. A man went from Attleborough, Mass., with a load of hoops to Boston, was caught in a great storm, and returning home, was frozen to death, coming off Boston Neck. His ox team was frozen death, and was found standing on their feet, as the snow was deep enough to support them.

What good reason can be given for dentists having but few children for customers?

ANSWER.—Because the most of their sufferers are groan folks.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HARNDEN, Cincinnati.—We can best answer your query by giving the following particulars of Curtis' career:—"Dick Curtis was born February 1, 1802, weight 9 stone, beat Watson, 5 guineas, 25 minutes, Moulsey Hurst, June 27, 1820; beat Brown, £20, 57 minutes, 15 rounds, near Maidstone, August 28, 1820; beat Lenny, 25 guineas, 39 minutes, 29 rounds, Moulsey Hurst, October 22, 1821; beat George Cooper, 18 guineas, 15 minutes, 7 rounds, Epsom Downs, May 23, 1822; beat Peter Warren, £30, 20 minutes, 10 rounds, Colnbrook, July 23, 1822; draw with Peter Warren, £25, 16 minutes, Moulsey, April 16, 1823; beat Peter Warren, £50, 9 minutes, 1 round, Crawley Hurst, July 8, 1823; beat Hares, £100, 20 rounds, 30 minutes, Shepperton Range, May 28, 1824; received forfeit from Barney Aaron, at Warwick, November 23, 1824; beat Warren, £20, Epsom Downs, 8 minutes, 6 rounds, May 19, 1825; beat Warren, £100 to £90, 13 minutes, 8 rounds, Warwick, July 19, 1825; beat Edward Savage (turn-up), 16 minutes, Castle Tavern, August 5, 1825; beat Barney Aaron, £100 a side, 50 minutes, 9 rounds (stage), Andover, February 27, 1827; beat Jack Tisdale, £120 to £100, 61 minutes, 16 rounds, Staines, October 9, 1827; beat a coalheaver (turn-up), 5 rounds, Blackfriars road, January 2, 1828; beaten by Perkins; died in Southwark, September 16, 1843, of decline.

W. R.—We "cut down all, both great and small." Personal matters we do not care to be mixed up with. Private grievances must seek ventilation through some other channel. When referred to in our columns they lead to discussions which possess little interest, save to those directly interested. Of the parties referred to as the lady's "support," we have nothing to say, just now. The manager should have exercised *his* authority in behalf of the lady. We prefer short, spicy items, to extended criticisms; and managers should be left to choose for themselves when "people" are needed. A little more experience may serve to show you how correct we are.

MUSEUM, Rochester, N. Y.—We are not cognizant of any "celebrated singer" of the name of Russell, of modern days, except Henry Russell, who formerly sang at the Stuyvesant Institute, when it was opposite the west end of Bond street, in Broadway. He was famous in "The Ship on Fire," and such like homely ballads. He retired from public life six or seven years ago, and has only made an appearance on some especially interesting occasion since that time. He resides in England, his native country.

BILLY BUTTON, London, Eng.—Bill Poole was not a prize fighter. He never fought a prize fight with John Morrissey. The fight to which you allude was what we term here "rough and tumble," or give and take as the chances offer. In his rough and tumble fight with Poole, Morrissey was beaten. They did not fight again, after that.

M. R. P., Boston.—The person introduced to the public by Nixon as Ella Zoyara, is a man, beyond all doubt. Nixon succeeded for a time in imposing upon the people, but the truth came out at last. "Ella Zoyara" is now the husband of the equestrienne known as Miss Sallie Stickney, to whom he was married last winter.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—The lady you inquire about is an actress, and at present with the Walnut, Philadelphia, being also engaged for the next season. For further particulars, inquire of Fred. Buckley, violinist and vocalist.

ORDERLY SERGEANT, Newbern, N. C.—1. By going one eye on the advertisement, you will see that O. A. Roorbach is the man. 2. We do not know his present whereabouts. 3. Alf Burnett is the present lessee.

PHŒNIX.—1. We are not sufficiently posted in war matters, to reply. 2. "Fistiana" is sometimes sold here, but there are none on hand at present.

POINT BREEZE, Philadelphia.—Lexington's great feat of running four miles in seven minutes, nineteen and three-quarter seconds, was accomplished in a match against time.

J. C.—J. P. Aymar died from injuries received while trying to turn a *triple* somersault. A double somersault has frequently been performed

BOSTON.—Unsworth, Eugene, and Frank Brower performed with Hooley & Campbell's Minstrels in 1860.

RAW RECRUIT.—It is generally understood that the bounty is not to be paid until the solider is honorably discharged.

D. D., St. Louis.—The Canterbury is no longer used as a "concert hall."

TWO PLAYERS, Chicago.—When Jack is the highest card played, it scores twice, viz: High and Jack.

H. A. S., Port Wine, Cal.—Thanks for your kind consideration in our behalf.

H. C., Boston.—Thanks for kind offer, but we had already made arrangements.

UP TOWN.—The Cremorne Gardens, in London, occupy twelve acres of ground, and where real estate is very valuable.

C. L. M., Philadelphia.—1. A flush beats three of a kind. 2. Photograph received. Thank you.

W. W. P., Boston.—It is not worth while to renew the discussion at this late day.

S. MCGILL, Cincinnati.—John Jacob Astor has been dead several years.

H. W. E., Detroit.—All right. Thanks.

E. C., Toledo, O.—Good girl. Much obliged.

D. K., Cincinnati.—Will endeavor to get the information for you.

HEENAN AND MACE.—Although Mace seems desirous of meeting Heenan, yet when he had a certainty of getting on a match with him, he flew the course. We allude to Heenan's invitation to Mace to meet him in Canada. Jack McDonald repeatedly offered to match Heenan with Mace, provided the latter would fight in Canada. This point was named, so that Mace would not have to face strangers, for then he would be surrounded by his own countrymen. A large sum was offered him to fight in Canada, but all inducements failed to draw the lion from his lair. Heenan had crossed the Atlantic to meet the Champion of England, and it was expected that Mace would put on as bold a front, and cross to Canada to meet the American Champion; but the courage of our trans-Atlantic friend was not up to the mark, and Heenan's challenge to fight in Canada was not accepted. From undoubted sources we learn that it will be very difficult, if at all feasible, to get off another international match in England, and this may have something to do with Mace's apparent anxiety to fight the Boy in England. We say it has a suspicious look. Now, as it is probable Heenan will give Mace an opening before the former returns home, would it not be well—in order to give equal chances to both men—to name Ireland as the fighting ground for the proposed meeting between Mace and Heenan. We know that the champion is not obliged to leave England, but as he no doubt wishes to see his opponent have fair play, he can have no real objections to decide the pugilistic contest in Ireland. There, neither man will be likely to meet with that opposition which is said to threaten them if the fight should be arranged to take place in England. There, Heenan will probably have as many friends as Mace; and there, the chances will be less for breaking up the fight in a grand row when either man shall have the best of the battle. Mace has so persistently asserted his desire to fight Heenan, that it is thought he must mean it; or is playing the brag game, feeling confident that no second international match will be permitted in England. If he really wishes to meet the Benician, then let him agree to fight him in Ireland. In consideration of Mace agreeing to this proposition, Heenan will no doubt waive all claims to the belt, and permit the present champion to wear it whether the battle be lost or won. Surely Mace cannot object to this. If he should refuse, however, the people will come to the conclusion that Mace fears to try conclusions with the Boy on neutral ground, and dare not meet him where the chances are possible for a fair field, and fair play for both.

JEM WARD.—A benefit for this veteran of the Prize Ring was to have taken place in London, on the 30th ult. Jem Mace was to wind up with Ward—the new school against the old. Mace, no doubt, had his work cut out for him in such a set-to, and it is not a sure thing that he got on the old 'un, smart as he is. The exhibition promised to be *the* boxing event of the season. We expect to have a report of the proceedings in a week or two. Talking about the old school and the new, our correspondent says he recently saw a capital set-to at Nat Langham's, between Tass Parker and Tom King. It was a slashing affair—no stopping, but ding-dong hitting, both going in as though thousands were pending the result. Tom King got none the best of Tass. The latter is a genteel, long-faced, sandy-whiskered, partially bald-headed old fellow, and looks more like an old lawyer than a bruiser. He fought the Tipton Slasher three times. His set-to with King shows that he has not forgotten his cunning.

WON'T DO IT.—The "clergy" having refused to invite old Abe to repeat his recent fast rail road performance, for charitable purposes, the old sport remains "as you were," and will not go upon the track again, and the Philadelphia Volunteer Refreshment Saloons will be the losers by this despicable conduct of the "two-third clergymen."

NEW YORK RACES.—BAD BEGINNING.—In another column will be found a report of the first day's proceedings of Mr. Cassidy's "New York Spring Meeting," over the Union Course, Long Island. Everything had been done, apparently, to ensure a large attendance, and give *eclat* to the opening. The 4th of July was the day selected, and a finer day could not have been wished for. It was clear and balmy, and all that could be desired for a "racing day." The price of admission had been placed at the lowest notch, viz.: 25 cents; flaming advertisements appeared in many newspapers; posters were distributed throughout the city; the event was "talked up" by the interested parties, and their "organ" did the "preliminary puffing" in orthodox style; but all to no purpose. The speculation did not draw anything like the crowd looked for. Our estimate, which we consider a liberal one, places the number of spectators in attendance at two thousand, a great part of this number going in on the democratic scale of 25 cents, the aggregate of which would not amount to much. The entries did not come up. Although Mr. Alexander's stable was absent during the Philadelphia races, yet it was advertised to take part in the New York events; but "was not there." The "Great Handicap," for which so much was promised, and for which fifteen entries were advertised, brought *four* starters to the post. The "Sweepstakes for three year olds," for which—as their puffing organ states—"the entry is large, and the field is sure to be good," brought out *two* starters, the winner being booked to win, sure. Such was the "large entry," and such the "sure good field." It was a bad beginning, this Fourth of July inauguration of Mr. Cassidy's races—worse, comparatively speaking, than the Philadelphia opening day. At the latter place, we didn't look for much, and were not disappointed. At New York, we did expect to find a somewhat larger turn-out, on account of the inducements held out. In addition to the tariff of entrance to the track being fixed at 25 cents, a "free invitation to all the military of the city" was extended, "whose uniforms would entitle them to pass the gates as honorary guests of the proprietor." But "free uniforms" and "twenty-five cent uniforms," failed to make up a big crowd, and the affair was more in the light of a fizzle than of a great Fourth of July sporting event. For wahtever is worthy of credit in the day's proceedings, credit is awarded in our report. We gave a fair and impartial report of the Philadelphia races—we shall do the same with regard to the New York programme. We pay our way to see the show—do not allow ourselves to be buttonholed by interested speculators—look at the races, and report them as they are. This is one great secret of our success. We are the mouthpiece of no clique, but the organ of the sporting people of America. The public know where to look for reliable reports of sporting events, be they of the turf, the field, the ring, the waters, or anything else.

THE FOURTH passed off tamely. The news of the falling back of our army before Richmond, and the losses consequent upon that movement, had a most depressing effect upon the public mind, and many of the accustomed festivities of our National holiday were dispensed with. There was an absence of that enthusiasm always observable on the 4th, not from any lack of patriotism, but on account of sympathy with the thousands who mourn the loss of some relative or cherished friend. It had been hoped that the 4th would have witnessed the fall of Richmond, if not of Savannah and Charleston; but the deal was against us, and we must wait a little longer. We do no not envy the feelings of those in power through whose officious interference this check to our hopes was brought about. Had Gen. McClellan been permitted to carry out his own plans, without having his forces divided, and taken from him, we should not be mourning the death of so many brave spirits to-day. Mr. Stanton, as Secretary of War, has not added much to his military reputation by this last piece of strategy, while his political aspirations have received as killing a check as that met with by our courageous army of the Potomac, whose seven days' fighting against double their own numbers will form a chapter in the history of the world that shall live forever. Let us endeavor to retrieve the errors of the past, by confiding our plans to men whose military education properly fits them for the responsible position. Mr. Lincoln understands the crisis, and if he would steer us safe through the troubled waters, let him, like Andrew Jackson, take the responsibility, and give Gen. McClellan the men and means necessary to carry out his points. We want no more interference by paper soldiers. Had it not been for the military genius of Gen. McClellan, our army of the Potomac might to-day be numbered among the things of the past. The "paper" Generals' plans were leading our men to destruction, when Gen. McClellan's genius interposed, and saved them. We feel confident that Richmond will soon be ours, provided the War Department does not again interfere. We have a grand fighting army in the field—do not tie their hands, and they may defy the world in arms.

COBURN VS. GOSS.—Joe Coburn, it appears, now that he has entered into business, does not relish the idea of going to England to achieve pugilistic honors, but prefers to give Goss goss on this side of the Atlantic, in one of the British Colonies. He has made known his views by letter to Goss, in the shape of a counter challenge, which was forwarded by us to the *Sporting Life* in London, per last steamer, and of which, the following is a verbatim copy:—

27 EAST HOUSTON STREET, New York, July 3, 1862.

EDITOR OF "SPORTING LIFE IN LONDON."—*Sir.*—In your issue of June 22d, I notice a challenge from Joe Goss, in which he expresses his willingness to fight me for any sum from one thousand to three thousand dollars a side. He also refers to what he terms my challenge to Jem Mace, the Champion, and states that as the latter is already matched with King, he is willing to accommodate me. Now I never challenged Mace at all, but I publicly expressed my intention, through the press of this city, in the event of my not being able to get on a match in this country, to visit England, and try to come to terms with either the Champion or any one else disposed to accept my terms.

Since that time, I have embarked in business in this city, and it would be folly on my part to throw it up for the purpose of going to England on speculation. But to show I mean business, I will fight Mr. Joe Goss, for any sum that he proposes, in any of the English Colonies on this continent. If he is willing to accept those terms he can do so through your columns.

Yours truly, JOSEPH COBURN.

Editor of *Sporting Life*, London.

Whether anything in the shape of a fight will result from this, remains to be seen, but we are of the opinion that it will amount to nothing, as the British pugs appear to be very reluctant to come this way for a fight, and seem to desire our "fellers" to do the traveling. Goss may view it differently, however, and consent to come, and should he so decide, a good fight may be looked for. It will necessarily be some time ere it will occur, however.

A CUSTOMER FOR JOE COBURN.—Coburn's challenge has met with a response at last, not from Price, as had been expected, but from Joe Goss, of London. Goss says that as Mace is matched, he (Goss) will accommodate Coburn, and fight him for $1000 or $3000 a side. Here's a chance for *our* Joe; and although Goss is reckoned very clever, yet we doubt his ability to "subjugate" Coburn, who is one of the most skilful boxers of the times. What says Coburn? Or, is it probable that Heenan or McDonald may reply on behalf of Coburn? At any rate, an opportunity is now presented for the latter to take an Atlantic trip, "see the sights of London town," and "get on" with one of the British bruisers.

PRESENTATION.—On the "Glorious Fourth," Messrs. W. Gilbraith, J. Cook, and George Chapman, as a committee from Engine No. 50 of this city, visited Philadelphia, and presented to Weccacoe Engine, No. 19 of that city, with a beautiful tablet of leather, highly ornamented, appropriately inscribed, surmounted by the national colors, and magnificently framed in gilt, as a memento of the estimation the former have for the latter. The high opinion that these companies hold each other in, was warmly expressed by both parties, and the proceedings generally were most gratifying, and made "the day we celebrate" in 1862, one of the most memorable to the parties concered. Let brotherly love continue.

REMOVED.—Our readers will observe, by his advertisement elsewhere, that Dr. Felix Gouraud, of cosmetic renown, has removed to more extensive premises at 453 Broadway. The Doctor's enterprise deserves success, and we are sure that our lady readers will not fail to patronise him more largely at his new and elegant establishment.

THE AQUATIC CHAMPIONSHIP.—Josh Ward, of Newburgh, N. Y., is unquestionably entitled to all the honors accruing to that proud position at the present time; but how long he will hold it, remains an open question. We write thus, because a young man hailing from Pittsburgh, Pa., turned up at the Fourth of July Regatta at Boston, making his advent there in the most unostentatious manner possible, beating Doyle and all the other fast 'uns there with ease, as a perusal of our report elsewhere will explain. Hamill is the cognomen under which this new comet in the aquatic horizon sails, and it is thought that he could give Ward a pretty good pull for it in a race for the Championship. He (Hamill) when stripped, exhibits muscle of the toughest description, appearing not unlike "a bag of almighty hard potatoes." Why couldn't arrangements be made for a long pull and a strong pull between these knights of the oar? It would take amazingly, and prove to be one of the chief sporting events of the season. Let the match be made, and then "Give way, boys," will be the word.

VOSBURGH CHASSEURS.—This fine body of men, in camp of instruction at the Red House, Harlem, is rapidly filling up, and will soon be called upon to enter upon the field of active duty; in fact, they expect to bid us adieu ere another week rolls away. Under the command of Col. Buckingham, aided by an energetic and efficient corps of officers, some of whom, with their commander, have seen service in the field, the men have attained a marked proficiency in drill. The public expects great things from the 53d, and from what we saw of the regiment at a late dress parade, the Vosburgh Chasseurs will prove a credit to their friends, and an honor to the country in whose service they are enrolled.

THE CLIPPER SHADES.—A new hostelrie has been established in San Francisco, Cal., by Harry Gribben, who has maintained such an excellent reputation in New-York for these many years, as "mine host." The CLIPPER SHADES are located at No. 15 Market street, a first class site, we are informed, where we hope Harry will continue to do well until he has acquired a competency. He has our thanks for thus honoring our own little craft. Harry says he likes "matters and things" out there first-rate, and that himself, family, and Johnny Lazarus are well, and doing well. So mote it be.

FAST TIME ON THE OCEAN.—The Cunard Steamship China made the trip from Queenstown to Cape Race in five days, nineteen hours, arriving at this port last week. The Scotia, also a Cunarder, so it is claimed, completed the shortest trip on record, on her last entry into this port, having accomplished the distance from Queenstown to New York in eight days and fourteen hours.

TRAIN ON THE DERBY.—Read Train's scorching speech on the Derby races, to be found in another part of this issue. There is this to be said in favor of the English people, that they stand a blowing up with a better grace than we do.

REGATTA IN BOSTON.—See elsewhere for report of the Boston regatta, as furnished by our own reporter. As usual, New York's boatmen came in for a share of the prizes.

AQUATIC.

FOURTH OF JULY REGATTA AT BOSTON.

NEW YORK WINS THE FOUR-OARED RACE.

This splendid rowing fete, which has been continued for several successive years by the municipal authorities of the good city of Boston, passed off on Friday, the 4th inst., with more than its usual spirit and success. For some hours previous to the designated time, the inhabitants of the city and environs began to assemble upon every spot from which a view of the afternoon's pastime could be enjoyed; and long before 3 o'clock, the hour named for the first race, fully 20,000 spectators were in attendance. The usual large concourse of people crowded the Mill-Dam and each other, and stood upon the bath houses and one another's toes, to witness the annual aquatic festival of the river Charles. The afternoon was all that could be desired as far as temperature was concerned, but the gentle breeze prevailing, created a little swell which interfered somewhat with the "time" of the shell boats.

The fine schooner yacht "Quarantine," of the harbor police force, was provided for the judges and reporters; and on board the "Nelly Baker" and the "Escort," were assembled the invited guests, etc., together with Hall's brass band. At 3¼ o'clock the gun was fired for boats to come into line for the

FIRST RACE.

This was for boys under 18 years of age, in single scull shells; distance two miles. Prizes: $25 to the first boat; $10 to the second. The following boats appeared, taking positions as numbered from the judges boat, the highest number having the inside course:—

1. Frederick Tudor, shell, G. T. Coolidge, white shirt, straw handkerchief.
2. Enchantress, shell, Henry Stanfield, pink shirt, purple handkerchief.
3. Wasp, shell, Frederick Crowninshield, white shirt, red handkerchief.
4. Moat, shell, John Tyler, Jr., white shirt, white handkerchief.

They got off together at the starting gun, the Wasp taking the lead; they rounded the upper stake-boat in the order below, which was preserved on the return, Crowninshield, in the Wasp, coming in an easy winner, and by a long distance. The time made was:—

Wasp, Fred'k Crowninshield, 16. min 31 sec., 1st prize, $25.
Moat, John Tyler, Jr., 18 min. 14 sec., 2d prize, $10.
Enchantress, Henry Stanfield, 18 min., 22¾ sec.
Fred'k Tudor, G. T. Coolidge, 18 min. 34 sec.

THE SECOND RACE

Followed quickly, and the following single scull shells came into position at gun-fire. The distance in this race was two miles; one mile up the river to a stake-boat, and return:—

1. Friendship, shell, Thomas F. Doyle, white shirt, pink trimmings.
2. Geo. White, shell, John A. Biglin, of New York, white shirt, white handkerchief.
3. L'Aiguille, shell, John D. Parker, Jr., white shirt, blue trimmings, blue handkerchief.
4. Euryalis, Shell, Arthur Sibley, white shirt, white handkerchief trimmed with blue, red belt.
5. A. E. P., shell, Leonard Kingsley, pink shirt, white cap.
6. Pittsburgh, shell, Jas. Hamill, of Pittsburgh, Pa. blue shirt, red cap.

At the start, Hamill and Sibley secured the lead, and for a few strokes they kept in front, followed very closely by Doyle and Parker, who soon challenged and rallied them for the lead, and they all went up the river at a lively stroke. At the stake the Pittsburgh boat had won a good lead, and she rounded it swiftly and headed for home, increasing her distance from every competitor at each stroke. Doyle came next, followed by Kingsley; then came Biglin, Parker, and Sibley. Hamill came over the line looking none the worse for wear, and so far ahead of the fleet that most of the spectators did not think he was one of the contestants; the judges were also deceived in the same manner, and, in consequence, no gun was fired until Doyle rowed past the judges' yacht, when he assured the judges that the Pittsburgh boy had won the race and first prize, fairly and squarely. As will be observed by the time below, Hamill won this race easily; Doyle, to whom public opinion had given the race, coming in a poor number two, and a long distance in his wake.

Hamill is a tough and sturdy looking young fellow, and has a very game appearance; he is twenty-four years of age, and five feet eight inches tall; his rowing weight is 156 pounds. Hamill has rowed some 13 races in Pittsburgh and its vicinity, winning all but two or three of them. His time upon this occasion is no criterion to go by, as during the last mile or so of the race, he had no competitor to crowd him into the small figures. We predict that he will prove a very tough customer at either three or five miles distances, with any oarsman who may desire to handle the "spoons" with him. The time of this race was as follows:—

Pittsburgh, Jas. Hamill,	16	min.	15¾	sec.;	1st prize $75.
Friendship, Thos. Doyle,	16	"	39	"	2d " $30.
A. E. P., L. Kingsley,	16	"	51	"	"
L'Arguille, J. D. Parker,	17	"	34½	"	"
Euryalus, A. Sibley,	17	"	36	"	"

THE THIRD RACE

Was for double scull shells, and the following were the contestants:—

1. John Hacon, lap streak, J. Driscoll and Hurley, white shirts.
2. L'Hirondelle, shell, M. F. and T. B. Wells, white shirts, red caps.
3. Edith, lap streak, Willard and J. D. Parker, Jr., white shirts, blue handkerchiefs.

Soon after the start the L'Hirondelle keeled over, and her rowers were treated to an *extempore* bath in the cooling waters of the Charles. The accident was regretted by the spectators, as her crew are good oarsmen, and were confident of winning the first prize. The race subsequently between the Edith and John Hancon did not excite much enthusiasm, as the Edith was evidently an overmatch for the Hancon, and the latter was defeated by a long distance, as the summary will show:—

Edith, Rice and Parker, 17 min. 6 sec., 1st prize, $100.
John Hancon, Driscoll and Hurley, 17 min. 33 sec, 2d prize, $75.

FOURTH RACE.

Four, out of the eight four-oared boats entered for this race, came up at the signal. The Volunter, Quickstep, and North Ender, of Boston, and the Stranger, of Poughkeepsie, were next. This race was for three miles; first prize, $125; second prize, $75.

Geo. J. Brown, of New York, shell, John J. Eckerson (stroke), John A. Biglin, J. H. Biglin, B. Biglin, (bow); red, white, and blue shirts, white handkerchiefs.

Union, shell, W. Carpenter (stroke), W. H. Minot, A. G. Baxter, Jr., Henry Whitman (bow), F. B. Cotton (coxswain), Union boat club; white shirts, blue bands, blue handkerchiefs.

Tickler, shell, P. Burke (stroke), C. O'Brien, P. Shaunnessey, Geo. Falkner, (bow); white shirts, red caps.

Hickory, shell, Wm. Finn (stroke), M. Finn, Thomas Johnson, D. Johnson (bow); pink shirts, white handkerchiefs.

Soon after starting, the Geo. J. Brown, of New York, took the lead, and she was never headed again during the race, although the Union and the Tickler were at times rather close to her. For the first part of the race the Union was second, but the Tickler passed her before the mile-and-a-half stake boat was turned, and the Union afterwards did not do as well. The latter was the favorite of the Bostonians, and they were firmly convinced that she would win the prize and the laurels of the day. This feat was not, however, upon the card, and the Geo. J. Brown, from the instant the gun was fired, bounded away with a neat and sure winning stroke—the stroke which is a good one for a three or a four mile dash, and which the "Biglin boys," with Jack Eckerson in the stern to give them the cue, can at all times keep up for either distance, from the start to the finish.

On the home stretch the Brown and Tickler were close enough to be good company for each other, the former crew not exerting themselves too hard, as they intended or rather hoped to have a "chance" for the $175 prize, in the next or six-oared race. If the judges had allowed the Amphytrite, with the New York crew to be "counted in," the Union club's six-oar would have been obliged to perform considerable more "pulling" to have secured the tasty silk purse containing the golden Eagles appropriated by the Boston Common Council. As the Brown was running down the home stretch, she was deliberately fouled by a four oared boat called the North Ender. We append the summary:—

Geo. J. Brown, 21 min. 1¾ sec.; 1st prize, $125.
Tickler, 21 min. 6½ sec.; 2d prize, $75.
Union, 21 min. 56 sec.
Hickory distanced, and not timed.

FIFTH RACE.

This was for boats of six oars; three miles; 1st prize, $175; 2d prize, $75. The Amphytrite, or what came in place of the Amphytrite, was ruled out. The Union, lapstreak, rowed by James Dingley, (stroke), Charles F. Manson, John G. Moore, Samuel M. Lovejoy, Edward M. Chamberlin, Joseph P. Lovejoy, (bow); the McKay, rowed by P. Colbert, (stroke), J. Driscoll, C. McKay, T. Wells, J. Hurley and M. F. Wells, (bow).

The Union belonged to, and was rowed by the members of the Union Boat Club. Uniform—white shirts and blue handkerchiefs. McKay's dress, white.

This race is very easily described. The Union started ahead, kept ahead, and came in ahead. The McKay was badly rowed, badly steered, and bad in "time." Summary:—

Union, 21 min. 24 sec.; 1st prize, $175.
McKay, 24 min. 26 sec.; 2d prize, $75.

Hamill, of Pittsburgh, rowed in a new shell just built for him by McKay, of Brooklyn; who also built Doyle's shell, which came in second, and the Geo. J. Brown.

The Boston Fourth of July regattas have been continued regularly since the year 1854, and the affair may now be deemed as an important and fixed feature of the day's programme in the Bay State capital, whose citizens justly feel proud of their Charles River regattas.

The Union Boat Club, of Boston, is one of the best amateur aquatic organizations of the United States; they have 32 active, and 20 honorary members, and a very handsome boat house, measuring 65 by 25 feet. Their boats are quite a little fleet by themselves, consisting of one barge, six oars, one six-oared lapstreak, two four-oared lapstreaks, two four-oared shells, one double-scull lapstreak, three single-scull shells, and three single-scull lapstreaks. Among the Unions may be found a number of first-class amateur oarsmen, who can probably compete successfully with any similar body of men in the country.

The Nonpareil, Beacon, and the West End Associates, are also well-organized clubs. The members of the latter club took good care of the representatives of the Atalanta and Gulick boat clubs of New York, who were in Boston to attend the regatta. When ever they visit Gotham, their attentions will be duly honored and reciprocated.

In closing our report of this regatta, we would remember the kind attentions of Mr. Abel Clark, of the Parker House, who added so materially towards our enjoyment of Independence Day in the Tri-Mountain City. "May his shadow never grow less."

SAILING REGATTA AT NEW HAVEN, CT.—On the 1st inst., one of the best regattas that ever took place there was contested, in the presence of a large number of people. The weather being very fine, and a smart breeze blowing from the west or northwest, assured all that the affair would be an exciting one. The following boats were entered:—

Electric Spark	27 feet.	Buffalo	20 feet.
Gipsey	27 "	Eagle	19 "
Eddie	24 "	Swan	19 "
Gem	22 "	Billow	18 "
Wave	22 "	Wanderer	18 "
Hyac	21 "	Una	16 "
Emma	21 "	Linnet	15 "
Julia	20 "	Triton	15 "
Polliwog	20 "	Lark	13 "

At the appointed time advertised, precisely at 2 o'clock to a second, the signal gun was fired by the Judges on the yacht Syren. The boats which were anchored in line facing East Water street, with sails down, now immediately became quite animated, all hands being busy taking in anchors and hoisting sail. The scene at this time was one of the most beautiful to be imagined. The first point to be sailed around was a flag boat anchored in the channel a little below the steamboat dock. Toward this the whole fleet was now tending. On rounding, the Eagle being struck by a heavy puff and not having her ropes clear, immediately capsized. This capsize caused the Wave to change her course, and the Electric Spark being close to the Wave, necessarily came in collision, crushing the upper works of the Electric Spark, and making her leak badly. Some of the boats delayed a few minutes till they found the crew of the Eagle were all safe, and then kept on their course. The next point to be passed was the beach buoy, which was passed by the Hyac first, and the Gem second; the rest of the fleet being strung along the channel not far behind. When nearly abreast the end of the wharf, the Hyac was struck by a heavy flaw which careened her over till her keel and part of the centre-board were out of water and her sails out of sight to those on shore. Immediately, however, she slowly came up, after taking in a couple of barrels of water. The third point to be passed, the yacht Syren, all the boats were now sailing toward. The Hyac passed first, with the Gem close behind. On turning, the Gem caught the end of her bowsprit on the "topping lift," (a rope leading from the mast-head to the end of the boom,) of the Hyac, and immediately fouling, tore a large hole in the mainsail of the Hyac. After some delay, the two boats were separated by cutting away some of the ropes, and then kept on their course. On the second time around the Judges' boat, the Electric Spark, whose crew by steady bailing kept her going, overhauled and passed the boat at the same time with the Hyac, the Gem closely following, with the other boats in the same relative position. On the third and last round, the Electric spark came in ahead, with the Hyac, Polliwog, and Gem not far behind. Below we give the time of all the boats passing the Judges' boat the last time:—

Names.	*o'clock.*	*min.*	*sec.*	*Names.*	*o'clock.*	*min.*	*sec.*
Electric Spark	3	35	—	Una	3	47	12
Hyac	3	36	5	Triton	3	49	30
Polliwog	3	36	45	Wave	3	53	4
Gem	3	39	40	Wanderer	4	—	4
Gipsey	3	41	40	Billow	4	1	—
Eddie	3	41	40	Linnet	4	14	50
Julia	3	45	4	Lark	4	33	30
Swan	3	46	5				

Fifteen boats sailed over the course; two withdrew after going around twice, and one was capsized. The distance sailed was about ten miles. The prizes were awarded to the Gem, Swan, and Lark—allowance being made for size and spread of canvass.

THE HUDSON REGATTA.—JOSH WARD, THE CHAMPION, WINS THE SINGLE SCULL RACE.—The regatta at Hudson, N. Y., came off on the Fourth of July, in the presence of an immense throng of spectators. The races were two in number, one for double scull shells, and the second for single scull shells. The distance was five and three-quarter miles.

For the first race three boats were entered and started, viz.:—one from Newburgh, rowed by Hancon and Sarvis; one from Cold Spring, rowed by Macarty and Delany; and one from Poughkeepsie, the Eudora, rowed by two of the celebrated "Stranger's" crew. After an exciting and spirited contest, the Poughkeepsie boat came in first, the Newburgh second, and the Cold Spring boat last.

The single scull race was the feature of the occasion, in consequence of the champion, Joshua Ward, being a competitor. Stevens, of Poughkeepnie, was in the race, and was also expected by his friends to render a good account of himself. From his past performances, many entertained an idea that he could surpass Ward. The boat in which Stevens rowed was an excellent one, and he was in splendid condition and rowed in first class style. For endurance, stamina, and speed, he probably ranks as second to no other oarsman but the champion.

John Best, of Hudson, also entered for the single scull race, and came in third. Ward rowed the Willie Ward, and won handsomely. Coming in at the finish, he gave the spectators a sight that is not often witnessed, except when he alone furnishes the treat. Bursting out at a rate of speed truly wonderful, his long, rapid strokes fairly lifted his tiny shell from the water every time. The delighted spectators who thronged the docks, banks of the river, and vessels, united in one prolonged cheer, as he flew past the winning goal at a lightning pace.

The double sculls performed the distance in forty-one minutes and six seconds; the single sculls in forty-three minutes.

After the race, Messrs. Macarthy and Delancy, of the Cold Spring boat, authorized a challenge to the Poughkeepsie crew, to appear in the CLIPPER. They will row the Eudora a race of two miles, for one hundred dollars a side, said race to take place at Cornwall. Communications addressed to the CLIPPER office, will receive immediate attention.

HOME AGAIN.—James Coburn, brother of Joe, returned from his western tour via Memphis last week, and intends making his first appearance since his battle with Looney, at an exhibition to take place soon.

BALL PLAY.

BASE BALL AT UTICA.—A match was played there on the 28th ult., between the Hamilton College club and the Utica club, and was witnessed by a large number of people, many of them ladies. Although the day was unusually warm, most of the spectators remained on the ground until the termination of the game, which was closely contested for nearly four hours. The following is the score:—

BATTING.

HAMILTON COLLEGE.	H.	L.	RUNS.	UTICA CLUB.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Alling	1		2	L M Thompson	4		2
Dean	4		3	Callender	2		5
Miner	3		4	McQuade	3		4
Hopkins	5		1	Harding	2		5
Johnson	4		2	Murdock	3		4
Millard	0		6	Potter	5		1
Best	2		3	M G Thompson	2		4
Hoyt	4		1	Mosher	3		2
West	3		2	Curran	2		3
Total	24			Total	30		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Hamilton College	2	2	0	2	5	2	2	6	0	—24
Utica City	1	2	1	3	4	7	5	4	3	—30

STAR VS. RESOLUTE.—These clubs played their first match together on the Resolute grounds, on Saturday, June 28th. The result was a victory for the Star, by a score of 35 to 12. The score:—

BATTING.

STAR.	H.	L.	RUNS.	RESOLUTE.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Waddell, 1st b	3		5	Cowperthwaite, r f	3		2
Chappell, c f	3		5	Creagh, 3d b	5		0
Jerome, s s	3		4	M. Rogers, l f	3		2
Manly, 3d b	4		3	VanDusen, 2d b	4		1
Henry, r f	3		4	Boswell, s s	1		2
Thomas, l f	2		5	Bliss, 1st b	3		2
Galpin, 2d b	0		5	Allen, c	4		0
Chilton, p	5		1	Wilson, c f	2		1
Mitchell, c	4		3	Moore, p	2		2
Total	35			Total	12		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Star	1	0	8	3	5	2	7	9	0	—35
Resolute	3	0	1	4	1	0	2	1	0	—12

THE GRAND MATCHES IN PHILADELPHIA.

BROOKLYN VS. PHILADELPHIA.

The return games between selected nines from four of the clubs of the western district of Brooklyn, and four of the leading clubs of Philadelphia, were commenced on the grounds of the Athletic club at Camac's Woods, on Tuesday, July 1st. The Brooklyn players left New York on Monday, June 30th, at 2 P. M., and arrived at Philadelphia at 6:30, where they were met by a numerous delegation of the Philadelphia players, and duly escorted to the Washington House, Chestnut street, a first class hotel, whose proprietor took special pains to accommodate the guests of the Philadelphians, who, during their stay, were handsomely treated by him, and we trust that, in return, every ball player will not fail to remember this house on visiting Philadelphia. On their arrival, they were taken into the parlor, where two splendid bowls of claret punch were placed, and as fast as they were emptied by the thirsty travellers, they were replenished, a mutual interchange of sentiment in the meantime engaging the attention of both parties. The players of the Brooklyn party should have retired early after their trip, in view of the work they had before them, but their friends in the city of Brotherly Love would not think of such a thing, so parties were made up for rambles round town, and they did not get "home till morning;" the consequence was that the majority were totally unfit for play, hence, in a measure, the result of the first day's play. The morning of Tuesday opened most auspiciously for the play, the weather being truly delightful. At 11 o'clock the whole party took cars for the scene of action, and by 12 o'clock, the hour appointed, the combatants were in readiness, and shortly afterwards play was called. The contesting parties were composed of two nines on each side, the one being called nine A, and the other nine B. One would naturally suppose that the first would have been the strongest, and the Brooklynites imagining that the A nine of their opponents was the best, made their A nine the strongest. In this they were outwitted by the Philadelphians, whose best nine was their second one, B. The two Brooklyn nines were not well selected, but still, as it was, they ought to have done better.

FIRST DAY'S PLAY.

At 12.25, the Brooklyn nine A went to the bat, and the Philadelphians into the field, and the contest commenced. At this time there were not over two or three hundred people present, but before the close of the game a crowd of at least four or five thousand were collected, among whom were numbers of ladies who occupied seats specially prepared for them.

Pearce, of the Atlantic Club, was the first striker, and hitting a poor ball to right field popped it right into Berkenstock's hands at 1st base, but he failed to hold it, and Pearce made his base. By passed balls he leisurely made his 2d and 3d bases, but before he could get home M. O'Brien, of the same club, was put out on the bound, Waddell of the Stars was well caught on the fly by Johnson, and Massey of the Exercise Club struck out, resulting in a blank score.

The Philadelphians now went to the bat, and soon began play in fine style, they not only hitting good balls, but sending them just where there were no fielders to attend to them. By this means they ran up a score of 4 without the loss of a hand, but the strikers that followed went out in one, two, three order. Chapman of the Atlantic began play on the Brooklyn side in the 2d innings, and made his 1st base by a good grounder, but he also failed to get further than the 3d base. Meigs of the Enterprise's, Crane and Joe Oliver of the Atlantic's, were put out on fly balls capitally taken by Berkenstock, McBride and Frazier, resulting in another blank.

This style of thing being something the players in this nine were unaccustomed to, they began to try to account for it, also to make up for it by better play; but neither object did they achieve. Their opponents continued to bat and field well, while they did neither. The result was that at the close of the even 5th innings the score stood 10 to 4, the Brooklynites being in the minority. In the last four innings they managed to score 6 runs; but they were put out for 0 in five out of the nine innings played, the Philadelphians finally winning by a score of 16 to 10.

In batting, the Brooklyn nine played very poorly indeed. Pearce made but one good hit throughout the game; M. O'Brien but two, on one of which he was finely put out at 1st base; Waddell reached his first base twice only by his hits, and Massey but once. Chapman made three good hits, and Meigs but one. Crane reached his 1st base twice only, Joe Oliver but once, and C. Smith made but one really good hit.

In the fielding there were no less than 26 instances of mis-plays, exclusive of passed balls, in the form of mis-catches, wild throws, and of muffed balls. Indeed, take it altogether, the play of the Brooklyn nine was very little better than that at Hoboken, when the Philadelphians and New Yorkers played.

On the part of Philadelphia, however, we have quite a different story to tell. The first match on Tuesday was decidedly the best game we have seen them play. After the first innings, scarcely a single error marked their fielding; and their batting, in the majority of the innings, was first class. Of the special instances of good play on the part of the Philadelphians, we have to speak of the excellent catching of Fisler; he was cool and collected, and played with considerable judgment, and allowed but few balls to pass him on which bases were made. Pratt also pitched in first class style, and watched the bases well except in one instance, when he was caught napping by Matty O'Brien, Berkenstock, at 1st base, played admirably; he put out nine players in that position, Johnson assisting him in four instances, and McBride in four, he himself fielding the ball in the other case. Anspach made one pretty bound catch, and McBride a double play from a fly catch and a throw to 1st base. Johnson and Smith both attended to their bases well, and the right and left fields were actively attended to by Loughery and Frazier. The Brooklyn nine also occasionally marked their fielding with good play, the instances worthy of notice being the running out of Smith by C. Smith, the putting out of Frazier by Chapman, and McBride by M. O'Brien at 3d base, good fly catches by Crane, Chapman, Waddell, C. Smith, and M. O'Brien. But the only fielder who thoroughly did his duty throughout, was Meigs. He put out four players on the bound, one catch being finely taken, and let no ball pass him.

In the batting of the Philadelphia nine, we have to award the lead to Berkenstock, who scored 3 runs by excellent batting. Fisler and McBride particularly, and the nine generally did well in this respect. Of the Brooklyn nine Chapman did the most of what little good batting was done, although M. O'Brien and Crane made the most runs.

At 3.30, nines B began play, the Brooklyn nine first going to the bat. One, two, three, was the order of their going out, and it was soon evident that a similar fate awaited them to that of nine A, for at the close of the even 3d innings, the score stood 13 for the Philadelphia to 3! on the part of Brooklyn. In the 6th innings the Philadelphia scored 5 runs, but in the 4th, 5th and three last innings they only added 4 runs to their score. The Brooklyn nine could not obtain more than 2 runs in any one innings, but they did not allow their opponents to put them out without runs but twice, and they scored a total of 9 runs—within one as many as the A nine. The fielding of Stelle, Jerome, Ticknor, and Bliss, was very good, and of the others all played well but Manning. Jerome made a beautiful fly catch, the best of the day's play; Boughton also made a good one. Stelle played capitally throughout, Ticknor also did well behind. Pike made one or two good plays, as did Leland at 1st base. In batting, Pike and Stelle excelled, both making home runs, the only ones obtained during the day.

On the part of Philadelphia, in fielding, we have to notice fine fly catching by Moore, good first base playing by Richards, and top-top playing by Wood, who is a first-rate player. He made four excellent fly catches, and fielded balls to the bases in fine style, besides batting well. Crossdale pitched finely, and T. Bomeisler's catching was very good indeed; his brother also made a fine fly catch at left field. In batting, Paul took the lead, making the best score of the day's play. Richards, Gaskill, and C. Bomeisler also did well in this respect, an example well followed by the remainder. Both the victories were well earned by the Philadelphians, and though their opponents did not play up to their usual mark, their play was not such as to make it an easy task for their Philadelphia adversaries to conquer them; the result, therefore, is highly creditable to them. We have specially to remark upon the excellent decisions of the Umpire, Mr. Hayhurst. We do not remember to have seen two games where there were so many close points to decide upon as there were in these, and we did not notice a single error of judgment. Of course, an umpire can only decide upon such points as he can see, and can take no one's opinion on the matter at all, save in cases of catches on the bound, when he can take the fielder's word for it, but in all cases of players being touched on bases, he must decide for himself, no statements being worthy of credence, as no player can rightly judge in the matter. The following are the full scores of the two games played on Tuesday:—

BATTING.

BROOKLYN NINE A.	H.	L.	RUNS.	PHILADELPHIA NINE A.	H.	L.	RUNS.
*Pearce, c	3		1	*Pratt, p	4		2
*M O'Brien, p	3		2	†Fisler, c	2		2
†Waddell, l f	3		1	*McBride, s s	2		2
‡Massey, 1st b	4		1	*Berkenstock, 1st b	2		3
*Chapman, s s	3		1	‡Johnson, 2d b	3		2
§Meigs, r f	4		1	‡J Smith, 3d b	3		1
*Crane, 2d b	3		2	§Frazier, r f	3		2
*Joe Oliver, c f	3		0	‡Anspach, c f	4		1
*C Smith, 3d b	1		1	†Loughery, l f	3		1
Total	10			Total	16		

*Atlantic. †Star. ‡Exercise. §Enterprise.

*Athletic. †Adriatic. ‡Olympic. §Keystone.

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Brooklyn	0	0	4	0	0	2	0	1	3	—10
Philadelphia	4	5	2	1	0	1	2	3	0	—16

FIELDING.

	Fly.	B'nd.	Base.	Total.		Fly.	B'nd.	Base.	Total.
Pearce	0	1	0	1	Pratt	2	2	0	4
M O'Brien	2	0	2	4	Fisler	1	1	0	2
Waddell	1	0	0	1	McBride	2	0	0	2
Massey	0	0	1	1	Berkenstock	2	1	9	12
Chapman	4	2	1	7	Johnson	1	0	1	2
Meigs	0	4	0	4	J Smith	0	0	0	0
Crane	2	0	0	2	Frazier	1	0	0	1
Joe Oliver	0	0	0	0	Anspach	0	2	0	2
C Smith	1	0	4	5	Loughery	0	1	0	1
Total	10	7	8	25	Total	9	7	10	26

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	B'd	Base 1st	2d	3d	Foul
Pearce	0	0	0	0	0	0
M O'Brien	0	2	0	0	0	0
Waddell	1	1	1	0	0	0
Massey	1	1	0	1	0	0
Chapman	0	2	0	0	0	1
Meigs	0	0	3	0	0	1
Crane	3	0	0	0	0	0
Joe Oliver	2	0	1	0	0	0
C Smith	0	0	0	0	0	1
Total	7	6	9	1	0	3

	Fly	B'd	Base 1st	2d	3d	Foul
Pratt	3	0	0	0	0	1
Fisler	1	0	0	0	0	1
McBride	0	0	1	0	1	0
Berkenstock	0	2	0	0	0	0
Johnson	1	0	2	0	0	0
J Smith	1	0	1	0	0	1
Frazier	1	0	1	0	1	0
Anspach	1	0	1	0	0	2
Loughery	0	2	0	0	0	0
Total	7	5	6	0	2	5

Passed balls—Pearce, 10; Chapman, 3; Fisler, 4.
Struck out—Massey, 1; Loughery, 1.
Run out between bases—J. Smith, by C. Smith.
Fly catches missed—Berkenstock, 1; Anspach, 2; Pratt, 1; J. Smith, 1; Oliver, 1; Pearce, 1; Waddell, 1; Chapman, 1.
Bound catches missed—Chapman, 2; C. Smith, 1; M. O'Brien, 1; Fisler, 1; Anspach, 1.
Time of game—3 hours.
Umpire—Mr. E. A. Hayhurst, of the Athletic club.
Scorers—For Brooklyn, Mr. F. Boughton; for Philadelphia, Mr. R. W. Benson.

BATTING.

BROOKLYN NINE B.	H.	L.	RUNS.	PHILADELPHIA NINE B.	H.	L.	RUNS.
*Leland, l f	4		0	*Wood, s s	3		3
*Steele, 1st b	3		2	†Paul, 2d b	1		5
†Ticknor, c	4		0	‡Richards, 1st b	1		3
†Bliss, r f	3		1	†T Bomeisler, c	4		1
‡Pike, s s	1		3	†Moore, c f	5		0
†Boughton, c f	2		2	‖Crosadale, p	4		2
*Manning, 3d b	3		0	‡C Bomeisler, l f	4		3
†Phelps, p	4		0	†Wilkins, 3d b	4		2
‖Jerome, 2d b	3		1	‖Gaskell, r f	1		3
Total	9			Total	22		

* Enterprise. † Atlantic. ‡ Exercise. ‖ Star.

* Keystone. † Athletic. ‡ Olympic. ‖ Adriatic.

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Brooklyn	0	2	1	2	1	1	0	1	1	— 9
Philadelphia	3	7	3	1	1	5	1	1	0	—22

FIELDING.

	Fly.	B'nd.	Base.	Total.		Fly.	B'nd.	Base.	Total.
Leland	1	2	1	4	Wood	3	0	0	3
Steele	1	2	3	6	Paul	0	1	0	1
Ticknor	2	2	1	5	Richards	1	0	3	4
Bliss	0	0	1	1	T Bomeisler	0	5	3	8
Pike	0	1	0	1	Moore	2	1	0	3
Boughton	1	3	0	4	Crosadale	0	1	0	1
Manning	0	0	0	0	C Bomeisler	1	2	0	3
Phelps	0	0	0	0	Wilkins	0	0	2	2
Jerome	1	1	4	6	Gaskill	0	1	0	1
Total	6	11	10	27	Total	7	12	7	26

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	B'd	Base 1st	2d	3d	Total
Leland	1	0	2	0	0	1
Steele	1	1	0	0	0	1
Ticknor	0	0	2	0	1	1
Bliss	0	2	0	0	0	0
Pike	0	0	0	0	0	1
Boughton	1	0	0	0	0	1
Manning	1	0	1	0	0	1
Phelps	1	0	1	0	1	1
Jerome	2	1	0	0	0	0
Total	7	4	6	0	2	7

	Fly	B'd	Base 1st	2d	3d	Total
Wood	2	0	0	0	0	1
Paul	0	0	0	0	0	1
Richards	0	0	1	0	0	0
T Bomeisler	1	2	1	0	0	0
Moore	0	2	1	1	0	0
Crosadale	0	1	1	1	0	1
C Bomeisler	0	2	1	0	0	1
Wilkins	1	1	0	0	1	1
Gaskill	0	0	1	0	0	0
Total	4	8	6	2	1	5

Passed balls—T. Bomeisler, 3; Ticknor, 12; Pike, 1.
Home runs—Steele, 1; Pike, 1.
Struck out—Bliss, 1.
Put out at home base—Moore, by Ticknor.
Fly catches missed—Leland, 3; Pike, 2; Jerome, 1; T. Bomeisler, 3; Paul, 1; Wood, 1; Crosadale, 1.
Bound catches missed—Ticknor, 2; Paul, 1.
Time of game—Two hours and fifty minutes.
Umpire—Mr. E. A. Hayhurst.
Scorers—Messrs. Benson and Cummings.

On Wednesday the rain fell in torrents, and it looked as if there would be little chance for any more play for a day or two at least. In the morning a party of the "boys," escorted by the Philadelphians, visited the Zoological Gardens at Wissihicon, also the Schuylkill Water Works, and in the afternoon the private billiard rooms of one of the Philadelphia clubs were placed at their disposal, and a number of them played ball in doors in this way. In the evening the whole party were courteously invited to attend the respective theatres of Mrs. John Drew and Mrs. Garrettson, and many of them went to those well managed establishments before they left the city; but on the evening in question, the grand dinner given by the base ball players of Philadelphia to their Brooklyn brethren, came off, and this was too great an attraction to be neglected for anything else.

At 8 P. M. on Thursday, about 80 persons sat down to a very elegant and substantial dinner, which had been prepared at the first class establishment of Mr. Glass, the well known Washington House. The room was tastefully adorned with the flags of the four Philadelphia clubs represented in the games, and the whole arrangements were such as to reflect credit on the house and on those in whose charge the matter had been left. Mr. Whitman, President of the Olympic club, occupied the chair at one end of the table, and Col. Fitzgerald that at the other. The former briefly but appropriately welcomed the guests, and regretted that the unfavorable weather had interfered with the pleasure of the contest somewhat. Col. Fitzgerald then announced the first toast of the evening, which was, "The Base Ball Players of Brooklyn," which was received with all the honors. From this time to the close, a delightful and social time was had, songs, sentiments and speeches ruling the hour for the time being, in which Col's Fitzgerald and Moore, Major Kelly, Mr. Stanton, and others of the Philadelphians took a prominent part, Messrs. Boughton, M. O'Brien and others doing their share of duty. The Philadelphians paid our reporter several high compliments, which of course he cannot particularly refer to, being a rather modest man, beyond stating that their purport was in praise of the CLIPPER's efforts to promote the interests of the game. At 12 o'clock the party broke up, the last song being the Star Spangled Banner, which was given with a will.

On Thursday, the weather gave promise of being clear, although it was pretty cloudy; but by noon, blue sky could be seen, and at that time the players were all assembled at the ground. The contestants were, in Thursday's games, Nine A vs Nine B; Nine A of Brooklyn playing against Nine B of Philadelphia. By this means, the strongest Brooklyn team and the one said to be the strongest Philadelphia nine, though the result did not prove it, came together, and the trial of skill between them proved to be the most interesting game of ball ever seen in Philadelphia, not excepting the match that the Excelsiors played in 1860.

At 12:15 the Brooklyn nine went to the bat, and opened play with some very good batting, the result of their first innings being one run. This was better than their opponents were enabled to do, as they were put out three innings in succession without scoring a single run. Up to the close of the third innings, the contest was a finely played game on the part of Brooklyn; but afterwards they got a little excited among themselves, and making some unwise changes in the positions of their players, allowed their opponents to recover the ground they had previously lost, the score standing 13 to 13 at the close of the 6th innings.

Matters were now in a very interesting position, as it was doubtful which party would win, the capital pull up made by the Philadelphians rather giving them the lead, in the opinion of many present. But the Atlantic element in the nine opposed to them was not such as to admit of a defeat after having commenced with such a fine lead as they did, and the result proved it, for they put out the Philadelphians in the three last innings for 2 runs, and themselves scored 5, thus winning the game by a total score of 18 to 15.

Of those whose play merits special notice on the part of Brooklyn, we have to name Massey for excellent pitching. He is very similar in his style to Croasdale. He made two beautiful fly catches, and handled the ball in capital style. Chapman's catching, too, was the best we have seen him display. He played better behind than Pearce, and that is paying him a high compliment. M. O'Brien's play was as superior in this game to that of Tuesday as it well could be. He batted splendidly, and fielded in a thoroughly effective manner. He made the best score of any of the Brooklyn players, thus winning the cap Warburton, the Chestnut street hatter, had put up as one of the prizes, Loughery, of the Philadelphia nine A, winning the first prize. Smith also played in his best style throughout the game, and, indeed, all did well, more or less.

On the part of Philadelphia, we have to speak of the good play of Richards at 1st base, of Bratton, of the Keystone, in the field, and of the catching and pitching of Bomeisler and Croasdale. C. Bomeisler, too, batted and fielded well, with the exception of the "waiting game" that he played at the bat; indeed, there was too much of it on the part of the Philadelphia side altogether. The score of the above game is as follows:—

BATTING.

BROOKLYN NINE A.	H.	L.	RUNS.	PHILADELPHIA NINE B.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Pearce, s s	2		3	Gaskill, r f	1		4
Crane, 2d b	5		1	Wilkins, 3d b	2		3
Massey, p	3		1	T Bomeisler, c	4		1
Smith, 3d b	3		2	Woods, s s	4		0
Meigs, c f	4		0	Richards, 1st b	4		1
Chapman, c	4		2	Paul, 2d b	3		2
Waddell, r f	4		1	C Bomeisler, l f	4		1
Joe Oliver, l f	2		3	Crosadale, p	2		2
M O'Brien, 1st b	0		5	Brattan, c f	3		1
Total	18			Total	15		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Brooklyn	1	6	1	2	3	0	2	3	0	—18
Philadelphia	0	0	0	2	4	7	1	1	0	—15

FIELDING.

	Fly.	B'nd.	Base.	Total.		Fly.	B'nd.	Base.	Total.
Pearce	0	3	0	3	Gaskill	0	4	0	4
Crane	1	1	0	2	Wilkins	2	0	1	3
Massey	2	2	2	6	T Bomeisler	0	3	0	3
Smith	2	0	1	3	Woods	2	0	0	2
Meigs	1	0	0	1	Richards	0	0	10	10
Chapman	0	1	0	1	Paul	0	0	0	1
Waddell	0	2	0	2	C Bomeisler	1	1	0	2
Joe Oliver	1	0	0	1	Crosadale	0	0	0	0
M O'Brien	1	0	2	3	Brattan	1	1	0	2
Total	8	9	5	22	Total	6	9	12	27

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	B'd	Base 1st	2d	3d	Foul
Pearce	0	0	1	0	0	1
Crane	0	3	1	0	0	1
Massey	0	1	1	0	0	1
Smith	2	0	1	0	0	0
Meigs	2	0	1	0	0	0
Chapman	1	2	1	0	0	0
Waddell	0	0	3	1	0	0
Joe Oliver	1	0	0	0	1	1
M O'Brien	1	0	0	0	1	1
Total	8	6	9	1	2	4

	Fly	B'd	Base 1st	2d	3d	Foul
Gaskill	0	1	0	0	0	0
Wilkins	1	0	0	0	0	1
T Bomeisler	2	1	0	0	1	0
Woods	2	0	1	0	0	1
Richards	0	2	1	0	0	0
Paul	2	0	1	0	0	0
C Bomeisler	0	1	1	0	0	0
Crosadale	1	0	0	0	0	1
Brattan	0	1	0	0	0	0
Total	8	6	4	0	1	3

Passed balls—Chapman, 4; Pearce, 2; T. Bomeisler, 8; Woods, 2.
Struck out—C. Bomeisler, 2; Brattan, 2.
Run out between bases—Richards, by Smith.
Fly catches missed—Crane, 1; Waddell, 1; Massey, 1; Paul, 1.
Bound catches missed—Chapman, 1; Pearce, 2; Woods, 1; Richards, 1.
Left on bases—Pierce, 1; Massey, 2; Smith, 1; Meigs, 1; Woods, 1; Paul, 1.
Time of game—four hours and twenty minutes.
Umpire—M. P. Masten, of the Excelsior club.
Scorers—Messrs. Boughton and Benson.

As soon as the first game was over, the second was commenced, the length of time occupied in playing the first, making every minute of value in the second game. In this match Brooklyn Nine B—a comparatively weak team as a whole—were opposed to Philadelphia Nine A, who had defeated the strongest of the Brooklyn Nines; it was therefore almost a foregone conclusion that the Philadelphians would win in this game, but it was not supposed that it would have been such a one sided affair as it proved to be, for at the close of the first innings Brooklyn had scored 2 and put out their opponents for 0. At the close of the 3d innings the score of the Philadelphians was 13 to 2, and at the close of the 9th, the score was 41 to 5! In fact it was a one sided match, the play of the majority of the Brooklyn nine being of the muffy order. Comment on such a match is unnecessary, and therefore we refer for particulars to the score:

BATTING.

BROOKLYN NINE B.	H.	L.	RUNS.	PHILADELPHIA NINE A.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Leland, P	2		2	Pratt, p	5		4
Steele, 1st b	5		0	Fisler, c	5		4
Jerome, 2d b	2		2	Anspach, r f	2		4
Pike, 3d b	4		0	Berkenstock, 1st b	3		4
Bliss, l f	2		0	Johnson, 2d b	3		5
Boughton, c f	3		1	Smith, 3d b	2		3
Manning, s s	4		0	McBride, s s	2		5
Phelps, r f	1		0	Frazier, c f	4		4
Ticknor, c	4		0	Loughery, l f	0		8
Total	5			Total	41		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Brooklyn	2	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	— 5
Philadelphia	0	9	4	2	1	14	4	5	2	—41

FIELDING.

	Fly.	B'nd.	Base.	Total.		Fly.	B'nd.	Base.	Total.
Leland	1	0	0	1	Pratt	0	4	0	4
Steele	2	0	9	11	Fisler	2	2	0	4
Jerome	0	1	1	2	Anspach	1	1	0	2
Pike	1	2	1	4	Berkenstock	2	0	6	8
Bliss	0	0	0	0	Johnson	0	1	1	2
Boughton	0	2	0	2	Smith	0	1	1	2
Manning	0	0	0	0	McBride	1	0	0	1
Phelps	0	0	2	2	Frazer	1	1	0	2
Ticknor	2	1	1	4	Loughery	0	2	0	2
Totals	6	6	14	26	Totals	7	12	8	27

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	B'd	Base 1st	2d	3d	Foul
Lelan	0	1	0	0	0	1
Steele	3	0	1	0	1	0
Jerome	0	1	1	0	0	0
Pike	0	1	1	1	0	1
Bliss	0	0	2	0	0	0
Boughton	1	1	1	0	0	0
Manning	0	2	0	0	0	2
Phelps	0	0	0	0	0	1
Ticknor	1	2	0	0	0	1
Totals	5	8	6	1	1	6

	Fly	B'd	Base 1st	2d	3d	Foul
Pratt	1	1	0	0	0	1
Fisler	1	0	2	2	0	0
Anspach	0	0	1	1	0	0
Berkenstock	0	0	1	0	0	2
Johnson	0	1	1	0	0	1
Smith	0	0	0	2	0	1
McBride	2	0	0	0	0	0
Frazier	0	1	3	0	0	0
Loughery	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	4	3	9	5	0	5

Passed balls—Ticknor, 4; Manning, 3; Pike, 4; Jerome, 1; Fisler, 5.
Struck out—Pratt, 1.
Home runs—Anspach, 1.
Fly catches missed—Boughton, 3; Phelps, 1; Manning, 1; Smith, 2; Berkenstock, 1.
Bound catches missed—Manning, 1; Pike, 1; Boughton, 1; Bliss, 1; Johnson, 1.
Time of game—three hours.
Umpire—Mr. Masten.
Scorers—Messrs. Benson and Cummings.

We would here remark that of the players who played the best as a general thing in all the games on the part of Brooklyn, we think that Stelle merits praise, who played well throughout and proved himself to be a first-rate player. Mr. Masten, now of the Excelsior club, we believe, acted as umpire and discharged his duties thoroughly, and a difficult and unpleasant post he had at one time.

The total number of games that have now been played between Brooklyn and Philadelphia this season, is six, of which each party have won three. The total scores in each game, are as follows:—

	BROOKLYN.	PHILADELPHIA.
First game	27	10
Second "	23	16
Third "	10	16
Fourth "	9	22
Fifth "	18	15
Sixth "	5	41
Total	92	120

Philadelphia therefore takes the lead in the number of runs obtained, although in matches they are equal. An analysis of the batting scores of the Philadelphians in all the games they have played, which we shall give next week, places Frazier of the Keystone club, at the head of the list, T. Bomeisler of the Olympic, being second, Berkenstock of the Athletic being third, McBride, of the same club, fourth, and Fisler fifth, these players being the only ones that obtained an average of three runs and over to a match. Crosadale, Anspach, and Loughery, take next rank. Anspach, Crosadale, and Paul, were the only players of the Philadelphians that made home runs in the whole series of games played. In the game between Nine A of Philadelphia, and Nine B of Brooklyn, the latter were all put out in their seventh innings in three balls. The first ball struck was by Jerome, who was well put out on the bound by Frazier, the second ball was missed on the bound by Pratt, but passed in time to Berkenstock at 1st base, and the third ball was fielded by Johnson to 1st base. We never before saw an instance of the kind in any game we have reported for the past five years.

Of the double plays that were made in the above games, we have to notice the following:—In the first game, Crane was prettily caught on the fly at short field by McBride—a good cricketer—who passed the ball to Berkenstock at 1st base in time to cut off Meigs; and in the second game, Phelps and Manning were similarly put out, though with less effort, by Wood

SPORTS! SPORTS!
EXERCISE! EXERCISE! EXERCISE!
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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1862.

NEW TRAINING GROUND FOR ROADSTERS.—One day, recently, we wended our way to the corner of Broadway and Seventy-first street, to inspect a half mile track that is being completed on those extensive grounds, which from present appearances will be in complete order by the 4th of July. This new candidate for favor with the lovers of the horse, is most admirably located for its intended ends. Easy of access by the prominent thoroughfares from the busy city, and within a few moments drive of the main entrance of the Central Park at Seventy-second street, it affords advantages to those who have promising roadsters which are developing points of future speed. The track is admirably and scientifically laid out, great attention having been given to the turns, while the homestretch—as it is termed—is unusually long and straight for a half mile track. Directly in front and facing the winning post is erected a commodious stand for spectators, from which all can see the final struggle of a trot without twisting their necks, as is the case on most of the old race courses that we have seen. The main object of the proprietor, Mr. Finley, is to make this an exercising ground for stock, the expenses in part to be defrayed by subscription, and the amount so small as not to be a tax that can be felt even in these times of general retrenchment. Attached are well ventilated stables, with commodious box stalls for the accommodation of horses in train, under the immediate superintendance of the veteran Charlie Brooks, who, with his old companion "New York Black Hawk," is permanently located here, the old "Red House Course" being now numbered with the things that were in Gotham. Last, not least, are the ample arrangements that are in progress for the entertainment of visitors. A roomy old fashioned house, which all riders well recollect as the former residence of one of our most distinguished and wealthy bankers, is being fitted up for the reception of gents. Wide piazzas, shaded by trees of the largest growth, afford a delightful lounge in the hot summer afternoons for the masses who love to witness a burst of speed without incurring the expense, or loss of time involved in a journey to the island. We hope this new place of entertainment for admirers of horseflesh may meet with success. Its close proximity to the city proper, and attractive surroundings, should ensure for it a large share of public patronage.

WHERE IS THE TRAP SHOOTER?—A short time since, Mr. Wm. King issued a flaming challenge to pigeon shooters, which, we believe, has been responded to by more than one of our crack shots; but we have heard nothing from King since. More than sufficient time has elapsed for King to make up his mind about the matter, but up to this time he is silent. What's the trouble now? Was the challenge taken up sooner than was anticipated, or is the challenger "changing his front?"

ON THE STRETCH.—Those telegraphic despatches in the New York papers, lately, concerning the Philadelphia races, must have come from some "army correspondent," so wild and untruthful were they. Rueter, the British telegraphic correspondent, whose Munchausen stories have given him a most unenviable reputation, must have given the Philadelphia chap a few lessons in stretching, for the daily reports of those races were sadly at variance with the truth.

PATRIOTISM.—Patriotism in its various phases is being developed by our civil war; but we have no admiration for those generals and others who, when they cannot subserve their own private ends, resign the positions assigned them. Fremont is a "dead duck in the pit," this time, sure; and it is to be hoped that the President will not give him another opportunity to resign. There is too much "self" about Fremont's patriotism.

ON THE HALF-SHELL.—When the last call for volunteers appeared, "our devil" was one of the first to respond, so full of patriotism was he; but because another private was promoted to corporal, *our* devil threw up his commission, and left the army in disgust. He is now in search of that other patriot, Fremont, who, he avows, he will follow to the death. He will be safe enough if he sticks to Fremont.

THE BILLIARD TOURNAMENT IN CALIFORNIA.—The billiard players of the Golden State seem indisposed to exhibit their skill in such a gathering, owing to jealousy and other causes. We had given them credit for better things, and hope, at all events, that they will set about reform right speedily. Read what the *Spirit of the Times*, of San Francisco, of June 7, says:—
"It is with sincere regret that we announce to our readers that the project for a Grand Billiard Tournament, at which the most expert players in the State could compete for suitable prizes, has been abandoned. To no one is this more a source of regret and annoyance than to Mr. Michael Phelan, who since his arrival here has labored assiduously to bring about so desirable an object, but the conflicting interests of different parties and the professional jealousies of principal players were such that he has been compelled to abandon the idea entirely. To our mind, the propositions of Messrs. Phelan & Hughes, and suggestions of Mr. Phelan himself, were eminently liberal and proper, and we must confess we are at a loss to understand why they were not accepted and adopted. Billiard players should remember that Mr. Phelan has a national reputation, has himself retired from the arena as a competitor, and of course can have no other object in view than the encouragement and promotion of the science—for such it is. They must also see that a Tournament conducted under his supervision would be governed by fairness and equity, and unless so conducted it would be suicidal for him to take any part in it whatever. Mr. Phelan was willing to aid the enterprise so far as to give an exhibition of his skill (but not as a competitor), and there is no doubt the whole affair would have been a triumphant success. However, as the players have decided otherwise, the Tournament must be abandoned, much to our regret, and, we feel assured, to that of our citizens. Now that this matter is disposed of, we again urge upon the Managers of the Orphan Asylums to call upon Mr. Phelan to give an exhibition for their benefit. We feel assured it will give him pleasure to contribute to so noble a charity, while it will give equal pleasure to our citizens to witness the skill of this finished Professor of a noble art.

BEAR BAITING.—A young Vermonter, who owned a pet black bear, was bantered recently by a couple of young sportsmen in Boston, who had gone up to the wilds of the Green Mountain State for a hunt, to let them try their dogs—three rather powerful creatures—upon his pet; he (the bear) to be kept confined to a post by a chain about twelve feet long. The Vermont boy, unable to resist the appeal of five new and bright silver dollars, and having faith in his pet, agreed to the trial. The result was three dead dogs, two mortified Bostonians, one triumphant bear, and a jubilant Vermont juvenile.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER THIRTEEN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

HENRY WHITLOCK.

BORN in England in 1787. Made his first appearance on any stage in 1803, at the Haymarket Theatre, Boston, Mass., as Young Norval, in "Douglas."

MR. WHITLOCK.

BORN in England. Was brought to this country in 1793, by Wigned, for the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Made his first appearance on the American stage, at Annapolis, Md., with the Chestnut Street company. First appeared in New York in 1797, at the Greenwich Street Theatre, as Count Baldwin, in "Isabella, or, the Fatal Marriage." Returned to England with his wife.

MRS. ELIZABETH WHITLOCK.

MAIDEN name, E. Kemble, sister to Mrs. Siddons; was born at Warrington, Lancashire, England, April 2d, 1761. Married Whitlock in 1786. Came to America with her husband in 1793, for the Chestnut Street Theatre. Made her first appearance on the American stage, the same year, at Annapolis, Md., the yellow fever prevailing in Philadelphia, compelling the company to take up their quarters at that place. She afterwards became a permanent member of the company at Philadelphia. First appeared in New York August 30th, 1797, at the Greenwich Street Theatre, as Isabella, in "The Fatal Marriage." She had the honor of playing before George Washington, in Philadelphia.
Mrs. Whitlock was a fine-looking woman. Her eye and voice were powerful, and reminded the hearer of her sister. Her first appearance in London was January 6th, 1783, at Drury Lane Theatre, as Alicia, in "Jane Shore."

CHARLES B. HALE.

BORN at Ballington, Essex, England, June 23d, 1819; made his first appearance on the stage January 8th, 1838, at Hereford, Eng., as Thessalus, in "Alexander the Great;" first appeared on the London stage October 15th, 1849, at Olympic Theatre, as Filch, in "The Beggar's Opera;" made his *debut* on the American stage May 7th, 1852, at Broadway Theatre, New York, as Sam Warren, in "The Poor Relation;" first appeared in Philadelphia, September 6th, 1855, at the Walnut Street Theatre, as Middleman Higgins, in "Extremes."

MRS. CHARLOTTE HALE.

WIFE of Charles B. Hale. Born in London, Eng., August 8th, 1830; made her first appearance on the stage in June, 1838, at the Surrey Theatre, London, as Dick, in "Oliver Twist;" made her *debut* on the American stage May 8th, 1852, at Astor Place Opera House, New York, as Margaret Overreach, in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts."
If an early initiation in theatrical affairs can prove greatly useful to theatrical candidates, this lady has had its full advantage. During her stay in Philadelphia, she was very much liked, not only for excellent renditions, but also for her lady-like bearing in social life.

ROBERT HAMILTON.

BORN in Edinburgh, Scotland; made his *debut* on the American stage August 22d, 1836, at Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Martin Heywood, in "Rent Day." Married the widow of Rowbotham, and after her death retired from the stage, and edited Snowden's Lady's Magazine, in New York. In 1849, returned to his native place.
In the business of his profession, he was proverbially correct; and his versatility enabled him to fulfil a large round of characters with credit and effect. An unblemished character in private life, good principles and associations; and a regard for his profession as an art, which must lead to correction whenever it is needed, and to excellence in many points, were among his numerous claims to public favor.

MRS. ROBERT HAMILTON.

WELL known in theatrical circles as Mrs. Rowbotham. Maiden name Sarah Johannot. Born in London; made her first appearance on the American stage May 19th, 1828, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Lucretia, in the farce of "The Rendezvous," for the benefit of Mr. Horn. After the death of Rowbotham, she was united in marriage to Mr. Hamilton, an actor. Died in Philadelphia, May 20th, 1838, in giving birth to twins.

THEODORE HAMILTON.

WAS a member of Burton's Chambers Street Theatre, New York in 1851. In 1852 he visited California. In 1858 was at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore. In June, 1859, was travelling as the agent for Mr. Frank Drew.

MR. JOHN NORTON.

BORN in England; was Professor of Music to the Royal Academy. Made his *debut* in America October 30th, 1827, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Frederick, in "The Poor Gentleman."

WILLIAM HENRY NORTON.

"I have always considered those combinations which are formed in the play-house as acts of fraud or cruelty. He that applauds him who does not deserve praise, is endeavoring to deceive the public. He that hisses in malice or in sport is an oppressor and a robber." *Dr. Johnson's Idler, No. 25.*
Made his first appearance on any stage in 1833, at King's Cross Theatre, London. First appeared at the Princess' in 1847, in "Philip Von Arteveld."
Made his *debut* in America August 23d, 1852, at Burton's Chambers' Street Theatre, New York, as Captain Popham, in "The Eton Boy." First appeared in Philadelphia August 16th, 1857, at the Arch Street Theatre, as Sir Benjamin Backbite, in "School for Scandal."
During the season, the Treasurer of the establishment (Philadelphia), Mr. Matthias died, and on the evening of April 7th, 1857, a benefit was tendered to the widow and family of the deceased. On the day that the benefit was to take place, a report was circulated that the entire company (Arch Street Theatre), with the single exception of Mr. Norton, had volunteered their services gratuitously. Mr. Matthias had been a great favorite with the *habitues* of the Old Arch, and they considered it a great insult. The evening arrived, with a house crowded from pit to dome; the play of "Love Chase" commenced, and when Mr. Norton made his appearance he was received with hisses and groans—was pelted with eggs, pieces of iron, and other missiles, until disorder reigned triumphant throughout the theatre. Mr. Norton boldly stood his ground, going through with his part. He was not hurt; but he was undoubtedly saved by the presence of Mr. Dolman, a great favorite with the audience, who was constantly by his side. Mr. Wheatley came before the curtain and informed the audience that a misunderstanding had taken place. Mr. Norton *did* volunteer his services, but refused to sign a paper to that effect, which had been misconstrued into his not offering his services gratuitously.
Mr. Norton was announced for the following evening, but the manager very wisely did not let him appear, as a large crowd had assembled in the theatre to hiss him from the stage, without fail. Mr. Norton appeared several times during the season, but was never received with those marks of approbation that he had been previous to this disturbance.
The following season he was a member of the Boston Theatre.
Mr. Norton's talents are distinguished by many original peculiarities, that render his impersonations highly interesting. He copies no one, and delights in all the parts he assumes. His performance of rustics is rich in simplicity, without that extravagance with which the generality of actors too often color their pastoral characters.

MDME. CORA DE WILHORST.

RIGHT name is Withers. Born in New York, and the daughter of one of the wealthiest citizens in the metropolis, a cashier in one of the banks; her family is of Quaker origin. She married M. de Wilhorst, a foreigner (who was her music teacher,) against her father's wish, for which offence he discarded her; she determined, however, to turn her talents to account, having received an excellent education.
Her first public appearance took place August 21, 1856, at the Ocean House, Newport, R. I., as a singer. The concert netted about $300. She was assisted by M. Albites, Brignoli, and Marini.
Made her *debut* in Philadelphia, November 28, 1856, at Thalberg's Concert, at Musical Fund Hall. First appeared in Opera in Philadelphia, November 2, 1858, at the Academy of Music, as Lucien, in "Lucia di Lammermoor."
In 1857 she sailed for France, and appeared, November 28th, at the Theatre des Italiens, as Norma, in "Don Pasquale." From Paris she proceeded to Italy, to perfect herself in her art. Returned to the United States, and has appeared in Opera frequently both in New York, and Philadelphia.
Mme. de Wilhorst is *petite* in form, and rather pretty in feature. She evinces talent and careful cultivation, and will eventually become distinguished in her profession. In all the relations of private life, she is said to be most exemplary, and deserves earnest encouragement at the hands of her American admirers.

GEORGE W. WYATT.

IN January, 1860, he was playing at Waterbury, Mass. The last night he ever appeared was on Monday, the 16th of January, 1860. The play was "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" the house was crowded, and the anticipation was akin to the entertainment. The play proceeded, Mr. Wyatt personating Phineas Fletcher. He sustained his part apparently with his usual spirit. Soon after the play he complained of faintness, and Dr. Platt was quietly called into the ante room for advice, who administered some suitable remedies, which served to afford temporary relief. Fortunately, Mr. Wyatt had no active part in the afterpiece, which passed off as usual, though to knowing ones it appeared to be hurried through. Soon as the audience withdrew, he leaned on the arms of friends, descended to the street, and was taken in a carriage to the Scoville House; in fifteen minutes after, he was a corpse. Among his last acts, half an hour before his death, he wrote on the bills for the next and last performance with his own hand, "Last Night," to him a prophetic reality.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-tf

QUOITING.—The Quoit Shades, 273 Spring Street, will open for the Quoiting world, on Saturday, May 17, 1862, under the command of the Old Fireman, Soldier, and Quoit Player,
CAPT. TIM WATERS.
The Ground has soft clay ends, and the Captain respectfully asks the patronage of his friends. [6-3m] T. WATERS.

WEEHAWKEN.—This suburb of New York, though located in New Jersey, is visited during the summer by many of our overheated citizens for the benefit of their health. Those who cross the water in that direction this summer, will not forget that the affable ED. WILSON has re-opened his cozy little retreat there, called "THE RUINS," just to the left of the road ascending the hill from the 42d street ferry, where a good view of the Hudson River may be had; a cooler in the shape of a sherry cobbler or mint julep, cigars of first-rate quality; and, if you like, you can take an hour's pleasant exercise at quoits, the material and place being always in fix. 9-tf

THE ORIENTAL, No. 116 Bowery, between Grand and Hester streets, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and acquaintance, that he has taken the above house, which he opened on Monday evening, June 9th, 1862. The Bar will be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors, and Segars. The Proprietor will do everything in his power to promote comfort. 10-tf JOHN ROCHE.

GREAT PRIZE FIGHT IN CALIFORNIA, FOR $1000,
BETWEEN
DALEY AND DAVIS.
Fifty-four Rounds Fought—Davis Victorious.

The great prize fight between Tom Daley and Bill Davis, which has been so long on the *tapis*, and the subject of considerable interest among the "sports" of this vicinity, came off at Port Wine on Saturday afternoon, May 31st, according to the adjournment. Davis is an Englishman, 6 feet in his stockings, and his usual weight is about 200 pounds, reduced by training to about 170 pounds. Daley is an Irishman, about 5 feet 10 inches in height, and his ordinary weight is 180 pounds—fighting weight 150 pounds. The fight grew out of a violent feud between the parties, which culminated in a challenge on the part of Daley, which was promptly accepted. The fight was for a stake of $500 and the proceeds over and above all expenses. A large amphitheatre had been fitted up capable of seating about twelve hundred persons, which was comfortably filled at $2.50 per head. The men have been about seven weeks in training, and we understand a large amount of money has been wagered on the result. Davis' colors were six alternate stripes of pink, green and white; those of Daley were the red, white and blue. The umpires were Frank Martin and Dennis Doherty, the former being time-keeper. Referee, Bill Curly.

PRELIMINARIES.

At half-past 4 o'clock, Daley shied his hat into the ring and immediately followed it alone, soon after which Davis followed his example. Daley was seconded by John Brice; Patsy Mason and Geo. Skimmerhorn, bottle-holders. 'Davis' second was Jack Richandson; Tom Starr and Hugh Corbett, bottle-holders. Mr. George Talmadge, of the *Sierra News*, read the rules of the London Prize Ring. Both men were stripped and ready for action at 50 minutes past 4 o'clock. There was, of course, a great disparity in the size and appearance of the men. Daley was looking quite lank, though judges in such matters said his flesh was of the right color. He was very game in appearance and perfectly collected. Davis' face was pale; his shoulders were very broad, his chest full and much expanded and covered with a thick coating of flesh. His muscles were exceedingly well developed and his closed fists resembled sledge hammers. Daley won the choice of corners, but as the sun was clouded, the advantage was immaterial.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Both men looked at each other for a few moments, and seemed to be taking each other's measurement. Suddenly, Daley dodged a right-hander from Davis, and went to grass.
2. Both men sparred slightly, and Tom went down.
3. Both came up lively. Bill led off at Tom, who fell and avoided the blow.
4. After mutual exchanges, without any serious damage, Tom fell, pointing at his antagonist. [Great laughter.]
5. After a little sparring, out of distance, Tom was hit slightly on the ear, and in return got home on Bill's nose, drawing the first blood. Cries of "Daley's the boy!" and betting all in his favor.
6. Tom came up smiling, while Bill looked rather serious, showing the effects of Tom's fist on his proboscis. After measuring for distance, Bill planted one on Tom's ribs; Tom, in returning, fell.
7. Both men came up nimbly. After considerable sparring, Tom received a stinger on the forehead, and returned it with interest on Bill's jaw. At the close of this and a few of the following rounds, Davis appeared to be growing suddenly weak, staggering back into the arms of his seconds. This caused betters to offer odds on Daley, which they afterwards repented of doing.
8. After considerable sparring, Bill was hit on the mouth, returning slightly on Tom's chin, who got back with a well meant blow on Bill's cheek, and went down.
9. Tom saw an opening, after sparring awhile, and got home on Bill's cheek, which staggered him. Davis retired, bleeding profusely.
10. Both came up lively, and Tom led out on Bill's mouth, cheek and nose. Davis delivered a stunner on Tom's ear and went down.
11. Both came up quite slowly, Daley showing signs of weakness, and having a cut over his right eye. After a few movements, both evidently sparring for wind, Davis led out quickly with his right, and Daley, to avoid it, went down.
12. Both came up more lively, and Tom left his mark on Bill's cheek and mouth, causing him to stagger somewhat. (Cheers for Daley.)
13. On this round, after considerable sparring, Bill got another heavy one over Tom's right eye, which knocked him down, and brought the claret freely, which was also flowing from a cut on his chin.
14. Tom led off with a straight one on Bill's chin, who returned with a stinger on Tom's mouth, which brought blood in profusion.
15. Daley sparred for wind, and striking a wild blow, went down.
16. Tome time was spent in getting to work, after which Tom got a blow on the nose, which he returned on Bill's cheek, and fell.
17. Tom struck Bill with his left heavily on the breast, and fell to avoid a return.
18. Both men cautious, and both feinting. Bill reached out with his right, which Tom avoided by going to grass.
19. Bill got home on Tom's cheek with his right, which ended the round.
20 and 21. In the last, Tom struck Bill on the mouth, who rushed to close quarters, and finished the round by fibbing.
21. Tom got in twice on Bill's ear, and once on the mouth. Bill returned on the mouth.
23, 24, and 25. These rounds were very lively, both men sparring and jumping about the ring; most of the fighting was done in Tom's corner. Bill got a blow on his breast, nose, mouth, and ear, and Tom on the eye and nose. On the 25th, Davis got his man in chancery for a moment, but was unable to retain his advantage.
26. Both men fought to a close, and fell together, Tom fibbing smartly on the face as they went down.
27. Tom led off on the ear; close fighting and fibbing. Tom fell.
28. Tom led off with a stinger on Bill's cheek, and both fought smartly to the ropes. Tom fell, after a bloody round.
29. Bill got in on Tom's mouth and nose in quick succession, which Tom returned lightly on the mouth.
30. Both showed considerable signs of punishment, they being particularly manifest on Bill's countenance, he bleeding profusely from mouth, nose, and over the eyes. Tom's right eye was swelling fast, showing the effect of Bill's heavy blows. Neither appeared to be much blown. Bill led off with his left, falling short, and laughing; Tom tipped him a smart one on the cheek, and received a fine one in return on the neck.
31 and 32. In the 32d there was some wild hitting. Bill, laughing, struck out with his right. Tom got home lightly on his adversary's nose, and fell.
33. Tom hit Bill on the nose and breast; the latter made a lunge for his foe's ear, who dodged, returning on Bill's chin, and went down.
34. Considerable sparring; Bill got home on Tom's right peeper, who returned on the bridge of Bill's proboscis, and fell.
35. Both came up lively, and seemed determined to do something; but Tom fell in order to avoid an ugly right-hander from Bill's mauler.
36. Tom appeared rather groggy, and fell while making a light blow.
37. Tom got home on Bill's forehead, who made a heavy return, which was neatly stopped, but got in another on Tom's left eye, which floored him. This was a well contested round. Bill remarked to Tom, that he had stepped on his foot.
38, 39, 40. Tom struck out wildly in each of these rounds, and fell. It was evident that his right shoulder was badly lamed.
41. Tom slow in coming up, and looking badly used, but still showing game, and a full determination to do something, tapping Bill lightly on the left cheek, and went down, avoiding a well-meant return.
42. Both came up more readily; Tom showing his old disposition to go down, but hitting his adversary a smart one on the chin while falling.
43. Davis about this time appeared to have got his second wind, and seemed to be all confidence, although his face was badly disfigured and bleeding freely, presenting a sanguinary appearance. Tom, on the contrary, showed unmistakable signs of weakness, and that his star was fast waning. His right eye was nearly closed, and the bump over it growing rapidly larger. Though not bleeding much, yet he was considerably worried, and breathed heavily. The betting was 2 to 1 on Davis, and considerable money was put up. Some science was displayed by both parties in endeavoring to find an opening; Bill led out with his right heavily, which Tom dodged, struck wildly with his left, and fell.
44. Bill looked ugly, and Tom, to avoid punishment, went down.
45. Davis opened the ball by striking short with his right, and received a stinger from Tom's left on his nose, and also a severe blow on his right arm, which pretty much disabled it.
46. After eyeing each other for a few moments, Tom broke Bill's guard, and laid his mauler lightly on his nose, and fell to avoid a return.
47. Two or three passes were made, when Tom hit Bill on the nose, and started the claret afresh, and then fell.
48. Bill bleeding copiously from various cuts on his face, although perfectly fresh apparently. Tom fell to avoid punishment.
49. Bill floored Tom with a blow on the cheek, receiving a return on the chin from Tom as he fell.
50. Bill quick at the scratch; Tom, coming up slowly, threw out both arms and fell, apparently from sheer weakness.
51. This round decided the battle. Both came up gamely, but Tom rather slow, with a smile of resignation on his lips. The round was finished by a terrific left-handed blow from Davis, which took effect on Tom's neck just below the ear, and sent him heavily to earth.
52. The last round was a painful one for Tom, who seemed much bewildered and overcome. Davis seeing the game in his own hands, forced the fighting in Tom's corner; the latter could only throw out both his arms, fall on his knees and hiss at his adversary.
53. Davis in Tom's corner, led off with his left; Tom trying to avoid further punishment by retiring. Tom fell, and Davis, who was following up rapidly, fell over him.
54 and last. After some sparring in the course of which some blows were neatly stopped on both sides, Davis got home stunningly on Tom's organ of ideality, which floored him heavily. He was carried to his corner by his seconds, where he made a motion with his hand and the sponge was thrown up in token of defeat, when time was called and he was unable to respond.

Davis jumped over the ropes apparently as fresh as when he entered them. He was in La Porte the same evening. His left eye is closed, and he is considerably scarred about the face. His left hand is also badly cut; but otherwise his punishment is very light, being all external. Daley's right arm and shoulder is hurt, but his face is not so badly scarred as Davis's. His right eyebrow is badly cut, and partially closed; but neither man is badly punished, or is likely to experience any serious inconvenience. Daley displayed considerable science in the early part of the fight, but did not have the endurance which Davis relied on. The fight lasted forty-seven minutes, the longest round not exceeding 30 seconds. Both combatants acted bravely and came squarely up to the scratch throughout the fight. Daley's second exhibited good sense in promptly throwing up the sponge without exposing his principal to unnecessary punishment. With a majority it was the first spectacle of the kind they had ever witnessed. Several females were present. Good order prevailed.—*Mountain Messenger, May 31.*

AN IMPROMPTU MILL IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—On Thursday, June 5, a little mill took place, at which there were about thirty persons present besides the combatants and their seconds, bottleholders, and timekeepers. The fight commenced at half-past ten o'clock, and lasted one hour and twenty-four minutes, during which time sixty-four rounds were fought. For the first three rounds the hitting was tremendous; but the men stood well up to their work—then, as a lover of the manly art expressed it, "their metal softened, and the punishment became lighter." After they had gained their second wind, hard work was resumed, and it was "give and take" till the close. One of the men, Billy Dwyer, had his left eye shut up early in the fight. He insisted on having it cut open, but his friends objected; and so he fought for nearly an hour with an eye single to the aim of winning. His leg also got hurt, after he had fought a few rounds, which placed him at a disadvantage. His antagonist, Tommy Collins, is described as a capable young fellow of better science than his opponent, but inferior to him in bull-dog persistence. The conclusion of the sixty-fourth round found the men pretty well exhausted and punished, and in a good condition to listen to the advice of their friends:—"Stop the fight and call it a drawn battle," which was accordingly done. Both men were almost of an exact size, in height and weight; but Collins, who is only about twenty-two years of age, is about ten years younger than his adversary. For amateurs, the fight, in an artistic point of view, was an excellent one—neither man shrinking punishment.

THE P. R. IN INDIANA.—On Thursday, 28th ult., so we are informed, those of the citizens of Madison, Ind., who like to witness a set-to, had an opportunity to gratify their desires. It appears that J. G. Podget and Wm. Stinebach, had a little mill consisting of 17 rounds, when the latter failed to come to time, and Padget was declared the winner of the battle and the stakes—$100 a side.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

From the Sporting Life, June 18.

JULY 15.—R. Travers and Patsy Reardon—£100 a side, at 10st 2lb, Home circuit.
21.—Dan Crutchley and Tom Allen—£25 a side, at 9st 10lb, Midland district.
22.—George Leach and Jem Paul——£15 a side, at 9st 8lb, Cheltenham.
29.—H. Burgess and Patsy Marley—£50 a side, Liverpool.
AUG. 5.—Jack Brookes and Tiny Tom—£25 a side, at 8st 10lb, Home circuit.
5.—Jerry Regan and Barney Regan—£10 a side.
19.—Young Dove and J. Jones—£25 a side, 8st 8lb, Home Circuit.
26.—Peter Morris and Young Holden—£50 a side, 8st, Home circuit.
NOV. 25.—Jack Hicks and James Gollagher—£100 a side, at 9st, Home circuit.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM MACE AND TOM KING.—King has staked another £5, and has agreed to sign articles on Friday next, to fight six months from his challenge to Mace (May 25), when he will have to deposit £15 more, so as to make it £25 a-side. This conduct of King's fully meets the wishes that Mace expressed last week, therefore, in our next, we hope to be enabled to announce that they have "signed, sealed, and delivered," and that another battle for the Championship is once more fairly under weigh.
P. S.—The meeting on Friday, June 20, at the stakeholder's resulted in articles being drawn and signed between Tom King (Mace's last opponent) and Jim Mace (the Champion), to fight in November for the prond title of the Championship of England and £400. King signed the articles for himself; and a friend for Mace, who is at present in the western counties. £25 a-side is now down, and the articles state that £15 a-side has to be staked each fortnight at a house to be named alternately by the men, until the final (which will be duly announced) of £25 a-side. They have to fight according to the new rules, the day of fighting to be named by the stakeholder, and the *place of meeting* (to avoid interference) will not be given out until ten o'clock the night before. King was at Ascot, and, although not looking as blooming as a rose, we believe a week's physicing will reinstate him in his usual health. Mace has for some time been taking great care of himself, and will, for certain, show in much better condition than in his last encounter with his formidable opponent; but, as King has had more frequent opportunities for *practice*, we believe the last model mill for the Championship will be much improved upon. The next deposit of £15 a side has to be made at Alec Keene's on Thursday, July 3, between the hours of eight and ten P.M.

GRAND FIELD-DAY IN THE HOME CIRCUIT.

On Friday, June 13, a couple of fights took place on the quiet in the Home Circuit, for two handsome amounts, subscribed by some patrician supporters of the P. R., who desired to witness some fistic sports near home. To endeavor to bring off the affair quietly, the greatest reserve was kept respecting the whereabouts, the time, &c. However, an early start was decided upon, and so long a trip taken by rail, that the outsiders were completely at a nonplus; and even after the journey by the steam horse, a long walk or ride was rendered imperative before the ring side was reached, which had been put into fighting order by Fred. Oliver, assisted by Puggy White, who had conveyed his beloved ropes and stakes as near as possible to the spot on the previous evening. The first pair who entered the ring were Jerry Hawkes and Harry Morris, who contended at catch-weight for a purse of £15. Both have been in the ring before, and are of more than the usual calibre as regards merit. The following are the performances of the men:—
JERRY HAWKES was born in Birmingham, Oct. 2, 1842, is 5 feet 5¼inches in height, and is about 8st 2lb in weight. He has fought in the ring only once previously, with Johnny Owen, for £5 a side, about two years since, and whom he defeated in 1 hour 58 minutes, and fifty eight rounds. He comes of a fighting stock, being own brother to the celebrated Hawkes, of Birmingham.
HENRY MORRIS has previously fought a couple of times, and although he first hailed from Brighton, he is now better known as residing in and being backed from Westminster. He is 5 feet 6 inches in height, and 8st 12lb in weight, and has been before the public in the ring three times previously, viz.: for a purse, and early last year, when he proved victorious over Smockey Bishop, and with Collins of Stratford, on May 20. They met on the 19th, and fought eleven rounds in 25 minutes, and being removed by the police, fought three rounds more in 15 minutes. The referee then ordered the fight to be renewed next day, when he awarded the money to Collins, as Morris would not fight.
Young Hawkes was the first to throw in his cap and enter the ring, having Mr. W. Ward and Dan Hawkes for his seconds. Mor-

ris was soon after him, esquired by Harry Moore and Puggy White. After tossing for the corner, which was won by Hawkes, no time was lost in getting the men "at it," and they stood up at ten minutes to four for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Hawkes, as he faced his man, stood in a very good position, and, considering his short preparation, looked very well and thin. Harry Morris looked the bigger man, and also showed a good knowledge of the art of self-defence, but was decidedly too fleshy. After some sparring and dodging, during which Hawkes feinted twice, he got the right well on the ear. Morris missed with his left. Some more sparring, and good right and left exchanges on the face and side of the head. When the lads crept within distance there were more good counters with both hands in favor of Hawkes, who got his left on the body, Morris missing his left in the return. This brought on good half-arm exchanges, until Hawkes slipped down onto one knee.

2. Morris came up with his left eye swollen. Hawkes only flushed, and otherwise without a mark. No time was lost in sparring, for the lads were soon at it, and some good fighting was the result, Morris getting on the mouth, Hawkes on the forehead and left eye. Both sparred very neatly for an opening, until they got within shot, when exchanges passed, Hawkes drawing first blood from the mouth, and got away from an upper-cut. Morris closed and again got it on the mouth, Hawkes receiving on the forehead and side of the head; they then closed, and good exchanges passed until Morris was down. Time, 8 minutes.

3. Morris came up bleeding from the mouth, Hawkes having his nose flushed. Hawkes led off with his left on the chest, and avoided the return cleverly. After some more cautious sparring they closed, when a couple of exchanges took place with the right, and Hawkes got down on his knees very cleverly.

4. Both came up well to time. Hawkes, who was very clever on his legs, got about the ring very well. He led off with his left on the nose, Morris getting on the body, when they closed, and each were busy on the eye and mouth till both went down; Morris uppermost.

5. Very little sparring before Morris closed, and Hawkes got down to avoid the hug.

6. Both came up to time willingly; Hawkes soon got on a heavy left-hander on the body without a return, when Morris rushed to a close, threw Hawkes, and fell on him.

7. Jerry, who was up first, had the skin off his nose, and the left eye flushed. Morris had his nose and mouth swollen. After the usual sparring, counters with the left on the mouth and jaw, and right-handed exchanges, they broke away. Hawkes again planted on the body and jumped away. After more sparring, Hawkes once more visited the body, receiving on the chest. Hawkes planted on the old spot, Morris missing an upper-cut with the right. Hawkes's left on the body, Morris with the right on the side of the head, and then both busy with the left. Hawkes, still busy on the mark, jumped away from the return. Left-handed counters took place several times, but in Hawkes's favor, although Morris landed his left on the nose heavily, drawing blood. Hawkes again would not be denied at the body, and got away. Morris sent out the left on the mouth without a return. Good counters on the mouth and chin with the left were exchanged twice. After taking a rest, Hawkes got his left on the belly, and in the exchanges he planted his right and left on the front of Harry's head, receiving on the chest and side of the head. They then closed and both were busy, until Hawkes went down upon his knees to avoid being thrown.

8. Morris, who was blowing as he came up, had his face plainly showing the marks of Hawkes's visitations. Hawkes was up, his nose cut, and left eye swollen, but as active as a kitten. After several good counters, they closed, Hawkes getting his right on the body, and Morris a couple of little ones on the head, when Hawkes slipped down as before.

9. Both sparred for wind. On getting close, good left-handed counters were exchanged until they closed, and Hawkes fought Morris to the ring side, where he fell over the lower rope. Time, 29 minutes.

10. Hawkes was the first to lead off, and forced exchanges, until they closed, when both were down, side by side, after a sharp tussle.

11. After sparring some short space of time, Hawkes planted his left on the body, which brought on some good exchanges, with both hands, on the chest and nose, by Hawkes; Morris getting well on the side of the head. Morris now tried to keep Hawkes with the sun in his face, but Hawkes shifted cleverly and soon changed positions. Good counters passed on both sides, Hawkes on the left eye, Morris on the cheek, Jerry on the body, and repeated the dose three times until a close took place, and the struggle for the fall was concluded by Hawkes being under. Time, 35 minutes.

12. Morris showed several red marks on the body, and had a lump under the left eye; Hawkes nothing different to the previous rounds. Hawkes was short at the body, but landed at the second attempt, and went to in-fighting, forcing Morris to the ropes, where they closed, and Hawkes was under.

13. Sparring for an opportunity took place, until Hawkes visited the mark, receiving on the left ear. Hawkes got twice on the belly, Morris on the ear, when they closed, and exchanged a couple of right-handers, Hawkes getting down.

14. Morris came up blowing freely. Hawkes was fresh; but bleeding from the ear. The latter took the initiative by feinting with the left at the head and planting on the body. Good counters were the next proceedings, and a close; when after a few more rattlers on both sides, Morris was down. Time, 45 min.

15. A couple of counters took effect, but lightly, after which Hawkes visited the body. This forced exchanges at half-armed hitting until they broke away. More counters on the body, head, and mouth, until Morris fell at the ropes.

16. Hawkes came up to time as merry as a grig, but bleeding from the ear. Morris was bleeding from the mouth, and rather weak. A wild scramble took place at the ropes, in which Hawkes planted on the body and mouth; Morris, on the ear and forehead. A close followed, when Hawkes got down.

17. Hawkes visited on the body with the left, but was short in the next attempt. A rally led to a close, and good exchanges, in which Hawkes got his right on the body, and sent Morris to grass.

18. After some good and sharp fighting on both sides, Hawkes went down to avoid being thrown or hugged in the close.

19. But very little sparring took place before Hawkes delivered the right on the ribs, but not heavily. This led to good exchanges at long shots, in which Hawkes fought with the most precision, until they closed, and the round was finished by Hawkes getting his right well on the body, when Morris went down in a hurry.

20. Morris for sometime, would not leave his corner, but on getting to the scratch, Hawkes followed him. It was evident Morris wanted, and took a rest. On getting together, Hawkes had the best of the fighting, until they closed, when both were down on their faces. Time, 60min.

21. Cautious sparring was the order on both sides. On getting together, Hawkes visited the body, and jumped away, after which they closed, and Jerry disposed of Morris by throwing him.

22. After sparring some time for wind, Morris stood looking at Jerry, who did not see the force of rushing into danger. Hawkes soon crept to distance, and planted on the body, forcing exchanges which were of a merry description, each getting well on, Hawkes on the mouth and eye, Morris on the nose and cheek. They then closed, and Hawkes fought Morris down.

23. in this round Morris came up bleeding from the mouth, his right hand much swollen and bruised, and his left side very much discolored from Hawkes's right handed hits. Hawkes planted the left on the left eyebrow and the body several times, and after a couple of rattling exchanges, got down to avoid being hugged and thrown.

24. to 28, and last. Morris came up very weak but behaved very gamely and determinedly, and the fighting was of a first rate description. Hawkes was always successful in planting on the body, occasionally changing his tactics by visiting the nose and left eye. Morris likewise got on, but, from the puffed state of his hands, did not do much execution. Hawkes, in the twenty-seventh round, took a decided and commanding lead, planting both hands on the body, and fell from the force of his own blow. At the conclusion of the twenty-eighth round, the seconds of Morris threw up the sponge. At first, Morris wanted to fight longer, but after some persuasion he saw the policy of allowing Hawkes to be the winner, the fight lasting 1 hour 29 min.

REMARKS.

The mill, although only for a nominal sum, afforded the gentlemen who were present, as great a treat as if for a large stake, and has done more good to raise the falling hopes of the Ring than may appear at first sight to the superficial observer. It has proved to the gentlemen that men will and do contend for small amounts with as much determination and energy as if the sum was to them a comparative independence, showing that men are influenced by the opinions and desires of their backers, who consider that "a draw" is more preferable to losing their money; not caring one "pin" or "jot" about the after-fate of the combatants, who have undergone the arduous preparation and other *etceteras* requisite to fit them for the encounter in the ring. The authorities are not brought into requisition, therefore nothing remains but for the men to prove to their supporters who is the better man and fighter. It is with pleasure we have to record the appearance of so promising a light weight as Young Hawkes, who fought in a most manly and clever manner, and although he went down in numerous rounds, it was not until his heavier antagonist had hold, when he was correct in his judgment to get away from danger. We fearlessly prophecy a prosperous career, if his private character is commensurate with his public one. Harry Morris is a hard hitter, but was out-fought on the present occasion; nevertheless, he did all that was requisite to stamp him one of the gamest of the game, and it was not until after repeated solicitations from his backers that he would allow the contest to be decided in Hawkes's favor. So pleased were the gentlemen present with the conduct of the loser, that a handsome subscription was entered into, and presented to Morris.

EVANS AND BENSON.

As soon as the combatants donned their attire, the next couple showed in the ring and tossed for corners, which was again won by Ward for Benson. James Evans was born in London, in 1840 (day not known by him); he is 5ft 5½in in height, and is about 9st 12lb in weight. He is a perfect novice in the ring, although he has proved himself a glutton in the few sparring trials he has undergone. He was seconded by Harry Moore and Puggy White. Young Benson (John), who was born in Surrey in 1834, is 5ft 4½in in height, and about 9st in weight. He fought Bill Smith, of London, for £12 to £10, on August 14, 1860, whom he defeated after fighting one hour and forty rounds. On the present occasion he retained the services of W. Ward and Dan Hawkes. No time was lost in bringing the men to the scratch, and at twenty minutes past five they commenced the fight. When they stripped, it was evident that both men were much out of condition, and from the manner they commenced proceedings, that the battle would not be of very long duration. No time was lost in sparring, for they were no sooner up than Evans rushed to close quarters, and commenced business in the most ding-dong style ever witnessed, and although Benson met him with the left as he came, he would not be stalled off, and continued at it until Benson went down. The same tactics were carried out throughout the piece, Benson always getting on with effect, and to such a tune that he broke both hands, which enabled Evans to hit with telling strength on the nose and forehead during the last three rounds, when the seconds of Benson, finding he had no chance of victory from the state of his hands, most wisely and humanely threw up the sponge in token of his defeat, and the Novice was hailed the victor, after fighting twenty-four sharp rounds in twenty-five minutes. The gentlemen, who mustered in great force, expressed themselves highly delighted with the day's sport afforded them.

SUDDEN DEATH OF NED ADAMS.—We have to announce to our readers the death of one of the old stars of the P. R., Ned Adams, who, in his fortieth year, succumbed to the stern decree on Tuesday last, June 17, at his residence, No. 30 Charlotte-street, Portland-road, Regent's Park, from, it is supposed, a fit of apoplexy. His career as a boxer has been much above the average, and appears in "Fistiana" as follows:—"Adams, E., born Nov., 1822, weight 9st 10lb; beat an aspirant, at Villiers, near Vincennes, France, purse; beat Tom Ford, Bois de Boulogne, near Paris; beat Tom Smith (East End Sailor,) £25 a side, 25 min., eighteen rounds, opposite Northfleet, March 24, 1840; beat Jack Forsey, £25 a side, 145 min., ninety-five rounds, near Woking Common, July 21, 1840; beat Tom Maley, £50 a side, 1 hour 58 min., sixty-four rounds, near Royston, Cambridgeshire, Oct. 6, 1840; beaten by Cain; beat Carter, £25 a side, twenty rounds, 50 min., Grays, Essex, Oct. 26, 1841; forfeited £40 to Bungaree, the Australian, from ill health, Dec. 29, 1841; beaten by Johnny Walker; beat G. Sinclair (Liverpool Slasher,) £100 a side, April 4, 1843, forty-four rounds, 104 min., Hope Point, below Gravesend (Sinclair fell on Adams foul;) draw with Geo. Sinclair, £100 a side, forty rounds, 203 min., Combe, Worcestershire, July 18, 1843 (both men fought to a stand-still.) He has left a young and numerous family, who, with the widow, are without exception worthy and deserving of any relief from Adams numerous pupils and friends in the "olden time." The P. B. A. have already assisted the widow with a gift of £5 towards the expenses of a funeral worthy of his past career.

THE BRITISH TURF.

ASCOT RACES.

These far famed races, in which Mr. R. Ten Broeck was so successful in 1861, commenced on Tuesday, June 17, and was better attended than usual, notwithstanding the absence of Her Majesty. In these, as in all other races on the British Turf, Americans take interest in principally because of Mr. Ten Broeck taking part in them, and not unfrequently, with American bred horses. This being the case, we shall confine ourselves to a record of those events in which his name figures, including the races for "The Stakes" and "The Ascot Cup," the former of which, as well as several other events, Mr. Ten Broeck won last year. This time he has not been so fortunate, although he has done well, his horses being placed second in several instances, as will be seen by the appended summaries, which are arranged in the order in which they occurred:—

TUESDAY, June 17.—A Maiden Plate of 100 sovs, for two year olds; colts 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 5lb; half a mile.

Lord Westmoreland's Merry Hart, by The Fallow Buck, 3st 7lb.....J. Coater 1
Mr R Ten Broeck's Curie, 8st 5lb.....G Fordham 2
Count F de Lagrange's Gentilhomme, 8st 7lb....H Grimshaw 3
Mr Payne's Overture, 8st 5lb.....Custance 4
Mr R Law's Draff, 8st 7lb.....D Hughes 0
Mr W Day's Rubini, 8st 7lb.....A Day 0
Baron Rothschild's b c Ledburn, by King Tom out of Lady Lotty, 8st 7lb.....Wells 0
Col Towneley's b f Stella, 8st 5lb.....Bullock 0
Mr T Parr's Moose, 8st 7lb.....Clement 0
Mr Saxon's b f Countess, 8st 5lb.....Midgley 0
Capt R Goff's b f Rudiments, 8st 5lb.....Challoner 0
Mr Merry's gr c by Chanticleer—Calliope, 8st 7lb...Hayward 0
Mr Ward's b f by Teddington out of Cornucopia, 8st 5lb.....S Rogers 0
Lord Stamford's ch f by Stockwell out of Mary Aislable, 8st 5lb.....A Edwards 0
Mr G Bryan's Fantastic, 8st 7lb.....Lynch 0
Lord Coventry's b f by Barnton out of Lady, 8st 5lb..J Adams 0
Mr T Goddard's bk f Zeloo, 8st 5lb.....Whitehouse 0

Betting: 5 to 1 agst Merry Hart, 6 to 1 each agst Overture and Calliope colt, 7 to 1 agst Gentilhomme and Curie, and 10 to 1 each agst Countess, Rudiments, and Fantastic. After one or two failures, Fantastic jumped off with the lead, followed by Curie and Merry Hart, on the left, and by Countess, the Stockwell filly, and Gentilhomme, on the right; Moose, Overture, and Stella heading the ruck, which was whipped in by Zeloo. There was little or no change in the foregoing order until opposite the centre of the Stand, where Fantastic, who "tired to nothing" in rising the hill, disappeared in the ruck, and left Curie with the lead, but she was instantly deprived of it by Merry Hart, who cleared his horses in a few strides, and won in a canter by a length and a half. Curie finished a neck in advance of Gentilhomme, who beat Overture by a head; Countess being a bad fifth, Moose sixth, and the Clotilde colt next. The last lot were Ledburn, Stella, Draff, and Zeloo.

SAME DAY.—THE FIFTH ASCOT BIENNIAL STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 100 added, for two year olds; colts 8st 10lb, fillies 8st 6lb; the second received 25 sovs out of the Stakes; T. Y. C.; 68 subs.

One [illegible] D Lane's b c [illegible] Winchcombe.....Mantle 1
Mr Ten Broeck's gr c Batsman, 8st 10lb.....G Fordham 2
Mr E Brayley's Tom Fool, 8st 10lb.....Page 3
Lord Coventry's b c Conical, 8st 10lb.....J Adams 0
Mr M Dennett's Tademus, 8st 10lb.....F Adams 0
Sir H Des Vœux's f Roly Poly, 8st 6lb.....Custance 0
Mr Fleming's Gold Dust, 8st 6lb.....Challoner 0
Sir J Hawley's Nawadaha, 8st 6lb.....Wells 0
Mr H Hill's Knave of Trumps, 8st 10lb.....A Day 0
Mr Merry's ch c Escape, 8st 10lb.....Hayward 0
Baron Niviere's br c Brick, 8st 10lb.....H Grimshaw 0
Mr Saxon's br f Lady Superior, 8st 6lb.....Midgley 0
Sir R De Burgoo's b c Tarragon, 8st 10lb.....Reeves 0
Capt Coates' The Avenger, (Dam Habena) 8st 10lb...A Edwards 0

Betting, 3 to 1 agst Tom Fool, 6 to 1 each agst Brick and Conical, 8 to 1 each agst Blue Mantle and Nawadaha, 10 to 1 each agst Batsman and Escape, and 12 to 1 agst Gold Dust. Nawadaha made play to the top of the hill, when the running was taken up by Tarragon, who lay in the centre of the track, attended on the right by Brick, and on the left by Blue Mantle, The Avenger, Tom Fool, Gold Dust, and Batsman, the latter of whom ran close to the rails on the near side. Tarragon remained in front to the stand, where Blue Mantle came out, and disposing of the favorite without an effort, he stalled off Fordham's rush in the last hundred yards, and won in a canter by half a length, Tom Fool finishing as far behind the grey. Roly Poly was a bad fourth, Tarragon fifth, and Gold Dust next; the last lot were Knave of Trumps, Conical, Escape, The Avenger, and Nawadaha.

SAME DAY.—The Ascot stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 feet, and only 5 if declared, with 200 added; the second received 50 sovs. out of the stakes, the third saved his stake; winners extra; two miles and a half; 53 subs, 27 of whom paid 5 sovs. each.

Mr J Osborne's b c Rapparee, by Rataplan, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb.....J Osborne 1
Mr E Mills' b c Knutsford, 4 yrs, 8st.....G Fordham 2
Lord W Powlett's Paste, 4 yrs, 8st 5 lb.....S Rogers 3
Mr Elphinstone's Lapidist, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb.....Midgley 4
Lord Westmoreland's Schism, 6 yrs, 7st 12lb.....J Adams 0
Mr Hodgman's Balham, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb.....Reeves 0
Mr H Saville's Conundrum, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb.....A Edwards 0
Mr Godding's Fitz-Eva, 4 yrs, 7st 3lb.....T French 0
Mr Elphinstone's Bobadil, 4 yrs, 7st.....E Martin 0
Mr E Brayley's Sycophant, 4 yrs, 6st 11lb.....Page 0
Duke of Beaufort's Highflyer, 4 yrs, 6st 9lb.....Judd 0
Lord Allesbury's c by Windhound out of Splitvote, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb.....J Grimshaw 0
Mr Stevens' Violet, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb.....J Plumb 0
Lord Westmoreland's St Lawrence, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb.....S Adams 0
Mr J Stephenson's b f Turn of Luck, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb.....Whitely 0
Mr J Day's Amalthea, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb.....Deacon 0

Betting: 6 to 1 agst Sycophant, 7 to 1 agst Knutsford, 8 to 1 agst Fitz-Eva, 10 to 1 each agst Paste and Bobadil, 12 to 1 each agst Turn of Luck, St. Lawrence, and Highflyer, and 100 to 6 each agst Rapparee and Schism. Lapidist and Schism—the two pilots of Bobadil and St. Lawrence—ran in front to the top turn, when they changed places, and the running was taken up by the old mare, who was followed to the bottom of the Swinley Hill by Lapidist, when the latter dropped into the rear, and Fitz-Eva and Conundrum went on in close attendance upon the leader; next to them the Splitvote colt, and Highflyer, until half-way across the bottom, when they were joined by Rapparee, Sycophant, Paste, and Knutsford, the others lying in a cluster, with the exception of Amalthea, St. Lawrence, and Bobadil, who were out of the race at this point. Except that Schism's lead began gradually to diminish after making the turn into the old Swinley course, there was no important change amongst the front division until passing the Brick Kilns, when Knutsford ran through his horses and took a clear lead. Conundrum, at the same time, headed Schism, but before reaching the turn both dropped away, and Knutsford's immediate followers into the straight comprised Rapparee, Paste, Fitz-Eva, Turn of Luck, and Highflyer, but the three latter soon afterwards held out signals of distress, and before reaching the distance were passed by Sycophant. The latter was beaten at the stand, opposite which Rapparee and Paste closed with Knutsford, and a splendid race ensued with the three, Rapparee winning by a head, and Knutsford beating Paste for second money by half a length. Sycophant finished three lengths off, and Turn of Luck was fifth, as far from him, St. Lawrence being sixth, and Bobadil next. Highflyer headed the next lot, and the two last were Amalthea and Lapidist.

WEDNESDAY, June 18.—On this day none of Mr. Ten Broeck's animals took part in any of the races.

THE CUP DAY, THURSDAY, June 19.

The Gold Cup, value 300 sovs, by subscriptions of 20 sovs each, with 200 added, three-year olds 7st 7lb, four 8st 7lb, five 9st, six and aged 9st 2lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; about two miles and a half; 15 subs.

Sir J Hawley's Asteroid, by Stockwell, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb.....Wells 1
Mr J Osborne's br c Zetland, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb.....Challoner 2
Mr Cartwright's Fairwater, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb.....G Fordham 3
Lore Zetland's Carbineer, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb.....A Edwards 4
Count F de Lagrange's Palestro, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb.....Aldcroft 5
Mr H Saville's Harlequin, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb (car 7st 4lb)..Bullock 6
Mr. Merry's br c Investment, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb.....H Grimshaw 7

Betting: 6 to 4 agst Carbineer, 5 to 1 agst Fairwater, 6 to 1 agst Asteroid, 7 to 1 agst Investment, 10 to 1 each agst Palestro and Zetland, and 12 to 1 agst Harlequin. Asteroid went in front the instant the flag fell, and on passing the stand was three or four lengths first, Zetland going on second, Harlequin third, Fairwater fourth, and Carbineer next, Palestro lying in the rear with Investment. Except that Asteroid increased his lead after rounding the top turn, there was no change until reaching the Swinley post, where Fairwater headed Harlequin, but was pulled back again at the foot of the hill alongside of Palestro, who was followed by Investment until half way across the bottom, when the latter passed the French horse and Fairwater, and took his place at the heels of Harlequin. After turning into the old Swinley mile course, Carbineer joined Zetland, and the two going together gradually crept up to Asteroid, whose lead was reduced to about a length as they turned into the straight, at which point Fairwater, of the remainder, was alone left with a chance—a remote one in her case. Carbineer, who hung to the left from distress after rounding the turn, was beaten before reaching the distance; where Zetland went to Asteroid's head, and Wells instantly taking a pull at his horse, the young one was nearly half a length first opposite the centre of the stand. Wells then called upon Asteroid for a final effort, and the latter answering with his usual gameness, he was on even terms again with the young one opposite the Royal Stand, and running the longest, he got the best of it in the last six strides, and won a slashing race by a neck. Fairwater, who was slightly disappointed by Investment at the turn, came with a rush at the last, and finished two lengths behind Zetland, a length and a half before Carbineer. Palestro and Harlequin were separated by an interval of fifty yards from them; and the last of all, tailed off, was Investment, who walked in. Run in 4min 42sec.

WINNERS OF THE ASCOT CUP.
(In lieu of the Emperor's Plate)

1854..	won by	West Australian	4yrs 8st 5lb
1855..	"	" Fandango	3yrs 6st 10lb
1856..	"	" Winkfield	5yrs 9st 0
1857..	"	" Skirmisher	3yrs 6st 10lb
1858..	"	" Fisherman	5yrs 9st 0
1859..	"	" Fisherman	6yrs 9st 3lb
1860..	"	" Rupee	3yrs 6st 7lb
1861..	"	" Thormanby	4yrs 8st 7lb
1862..	"	" Asteroid	4yrs 8st 7lb

The New Stakes of 10 sovs each, with 100 added, for two year olds; colts 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 2lb; winners 5lb extra; T. Y. C.; 56 subs.

Capt D Lane's b c Blue Mantle, by Kingston, 8st 12lb (including 5lb extra).....Aldcroft 1
Mr R Ten Broeck's Vivid, 8st 7lb (inc 5lb extra)..H Grimshaw 2
Lord Stamford's Cerintha, 8st 7lb (inc 5lb extra)..A Edwards 3
Mr W Day's Dr Syntax, 8st 7lb.....A Day 4
Mr R Ten Broeck's Vaulter, 8st 7lb.....G Fordham 0
Mr Fleming's Gold Dust, 8st 2lb.....Norman 0
Mr Merry's br c by the Lord of the Isles out of Wasp, 8st 7lb.....Hayward 0
Mr R C Naylor's Neilgherry, 8st 2lb.....Challoner 0
Baron Rothschild's f Canace, 8st 2lb.....E Sharp 0
Mr Saxon's Amazonian, 8st 2lb.....Midgeley 0
Mr A Taylor's ch f by Loupgarou out of Hurry Scurry, 8st 2lb.....Drew 0
Lord St Vincent's br f Louise Bonne, 8st 2lb.....Hibberd 0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Blue Mantle, 3 to 1 agst Dr Syntax, 100 to 30 agst Cerintha, 100 to 8 agst the Wasp colt, and 100 to 6 each agst Vaulter and Canace. The start was delayed a long time by Blue Mantle, the Wasp colt, and Canace, the latter of whom whipped round when the flag fell, and bolted the contrary way. The running was made by Gold Dust, followed by Dr Syntax, Vaulter, Louise Bonne, Neilherry, Cerintha, and Blue Mantle, almost in a line that extended from one side of the course to the other, the leader being on the right and Blue Mantle on the left, Aldcroft, as on Tuesday and Wednesday, having the footpath. After passing the distance, Gold Dust, Dr Syntax, Vaulter, Louise Bonne, and Neilgherry were disposed of, and showed in advance for a few strides, until Blue Mantle came out opposite the Stand, where he "chopped" her *instanter*, and galloping on with the lead, won in a canter by six lengths; Vivid, who came at the last, beating Cerintha for second honors by two lengths. Dr Syntax was a bad fourth, the Wasp colt fifth, and Vaulter sixth, Neilgherry and Gold Dust being next, close up with Mr Ten Broeck's colt. Run in 1min 20sec.

A PLATE of 100 sovs; two year olds 7st, three 9st 2lb; maiden two year olds allowed 3lb, and maiden three year olds 10lb; T.Y.C. Duke of Beaufort's Birdhill, by Birdcatcher, 3 yrs, 9st 2lb.....A. Day 1
Mr R Ten Broeck's Annette, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb.....G Fordham 2
Lord Westmoreland's Black Knight, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb.....Drew 3
Mr W Wilson's ch c Cairncastle, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb.....Evans 4
Mr John Whittaker's Marmion, 2 yrs, 7st.....Thomas 0
Baron Rothschild's b c Ledburn, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb.....J Daley 0
Mr Saxon's b f Countess, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb.....Midgeley 0
Lord Chesterfield's Korykory, 3 yrs, 9st 2lb.....Ashmall 0
Mr Hargreaves' Berkeley, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb.....Bullock 0
Capt Lane's Rough Diamond, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb.....Aldcroft 0
Lord Stamford's ch f by Stockwell out of Mary Aislabie, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb.....C Gray 0
Lord Coventry's b f by Barnton out of Lady, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb.....Maidment 0
Mr T Hussey's b f Sweetwort, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb.....H Grimshaw 0
Lord Zetland's Piccador, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb.....A Edwards 0

Betting: 4 to 1 each agst Birdhill and Piccador, 5 to 1 each agst Black Knight and Annette, and 10 to 1 agst Cairncastle and Korykory. Korykory and Ledburn ran in front for the first three hundred yards, a six or seven [illegible] half way between the road and the Stand, when Birdhill took second place, and Cairncastle stopping in the most extraordinary manner opposite the Stand, the finish was left to Birdhill and Annette, the former winning a good race by a neck, Black Knight, who headed Cairncastle on sufferance, a length and a half from the second, a head in advance of Cairncastle. Piccador was fifth, and Korykory sixth. Ledburn headed the others, the last of whom was Rough Diamond. Run in 1min 22sec.

THE ROYAL STAND PLATE OF 200 sovs, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, for all ages; the second received 25 sovs out of the stakes; from the distance post once round and in; 15 subs.

Lord W Powlett's Tim Whiffler, by Van Galen, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb.....Bullock 1
Mr T Parr's Dusk, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb.....Clement 2
Mr R Ten Broeck's Olive Branch, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb.....G Fordham 3
Mr J T Stephenson's ch g General Outram, 4 yrs, 8st..H Covey 4

Betting: 7 to 4 on Tim Whiffler, 5 to 2 agst Optimist, and 5 to 1 agst Dusk. Tim Whiffler, adopting his Tuesday's tactics, made play at a good steady pace, followed by Dusk, the other two lying together several lengths in the rear until approaching the Brick Kilns, where the General beat a retreat, and Optimist closing with the others, took his place at the favorite's quarters. This position he was unable to improve, and giving way at the Stand, Dusk repassed him, but failed to reach Tim Whiffler, who won in a canter by half a length; Optimist finished a bad third, and General Outram walked in. Run in 3 min. 50 sec.

FRIDAY, JUNE 20.—A Plate of 100 sovs, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, h ft; three-year olds, 7st 7lb, four, 8st 9lb, five, six, and aged, 9st; mares and geldings allowed 4lb; the winner to be sold for 300 sovs; Swinley Course; 10 subs.

Mr T Parr's Tolurno, by Defiance, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb..Clement † w o
Mr Sargent's Paul Clifford, by Cotherstone, 4yrs, 8st 9lb.....S Rogers † dr
Mr Elphinstone's Bobadil, 4yrs, 8st 9lb.....G Fordham 3
Mr R Ten Broeck's Olive Branch, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb....Barlow 0
Mr E Brayley's Knightsbridge, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb...Lambourn 0
Mr Barber's Abron, aged, 9st.....Cresswell 0
Lord Westmoreland's St Lawrence, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb...Drew 0

Betting: Even (at first 6 to 4) on Tolurno, and 5 to 1 each agst Olive Branch and Paul Clifford. Abron made the running, followed by Bobadil, Paul Clifford, and the favorite to the last turn, where the former gave way, and Tolurno and Paul Clifford ran a close race home. The favorite had a little the best of it at the upper end of the enclosure, but was caught by Paul Clifford in the last stride, and the award was a dead heat; Bobadil was a bad third; Olive Branch was fourth, Abron fifth, St. Lawrence sixth, and Knightsbridge last. Tolurno afterwards walked over, and the stakes were divided. Run in 2min 50sec.

VICES OF ENGLAND'S GREAT RACING DAY.

THE "DERBY" AS VIEWED BY MR. TRAIN.

Mr. Train, the American railroad contractor, continues his speeches on all subjects, in London. His latest was on the Derby races at Epsom, delivered before the Social Science Convention, in London, at which the various speakers highly eulogised the great Derby. Mr. Train did not intend to speak, but the audience insisted on his addressing them. After giving a rap at Lord Brougham, Mr. Train turned his attention to the Derby races, and spoke as follows:—

"All the speeches to-night were eloquent on the Derby day—(cheers)—and the last debater said it was a sight that would make even Mr. Train delighted with our institutions. Stimulated by your cheers, he went on to say that there I could read the Constitution of England. There, said he, you see this great empire, and concluded by representing the Derby day as a picture of England's Civil Rights and Religious Liberties. (Cheers.) It may seem unkind for me to disturb the scene. You may think it ungenerous for me to destroy the picture; but I may do good by telling the truth (hear)—although it may meet with strong opposition. If I come out taught as a Reformer, you must not censure me. (Hear.) If I speak as a moralist, you must listen with respect. (Hear.) You assent. (Yes.) Then let me tell you that the Derby day is the great charnel house of crime, where the noble and the serf meet on equality the gambler, the courtezan, and the horse thief. (Cries of "Libel," "Insult to England," "Bosh," and derisive cheers.) As Hamlet remarks to Laertes, a palpable hit. (Hear.) You seem offended. Your forget that I am on the opposition benches. (Hear.) That you repeatedly called upon me before I rose to speak. (Hear, and 'That's so.') You like the truth—you do not wish to be Barnumized—you cannot say that I flatter or fawn upon you for my own benefit—and in this age of toadyism and snobism you ought to appreciate a man who dares to speak the truth—(cheers)—although at the risk of losing all his popularity. (Cheers.) I say that the Derby is a disgrace to England—a blot upon the moral character of the English people—(oh)—and if that day represents civil liberty and religious freedom, I thank God that America has not arrived at that pitch of Christian civilization. (Oh, and interruption, one or two gentlemen leaving the hall, saying they were a lot of snobs to listen to such abuse.) Order being restored, Mr. Train said—I see I must prove my case, point by point. (Hear.) I have made a bold assertion, and you call upon me to prove it. (Hear.) I will do it to your entire satisfaction. (Cheers and laughter.) To commence. *The Derby is the delight of the rum-seller, the beer-shop, and the gin-palace.* Intemperance that day holds his Bacchanalian court—champagne on the grand stand for the noble—rum and sherry, and gin, in the court below for the Traviatas, and beer and porter and foul mixtures for the great unwashed. (Laughter.) The costermonger gets drunk for a shilling, and the noble for a pound. *Drunkenness* is the great feature of the Derby day—*Soberness* would be sneered at—drink deep, drink long, drink all the time. Ask Fortnum and Mason what they put in the hampers to take away men's senses. Look at the merchant, the broker, and the banker the day after the Derby. Those heavy eyeballs, with red borders, that dark ridge under the eyelash, that yellow-tinged complexion and listless gait, all betoken a day of dissipation at the Derby, and a night of debauchery at Cremorne. (Oh, and laughter.) *The Derby is the grand annual muster of the Blackleg—the Burglar—and the Gambler!* (Hear.) There they meet the Lords of England and the members of the House of Commons. Equality—Fraternity—Liberty. Betting is contagious. The general sets the example to those in the ranks. The priest bets his bottle of wine, and the ladies bet gloves. Every body gambles at the Derby. The passions are excited. The mind is disordered. Impure thoughts enter the brain. Vice is a terrible contagion. Free Trade in gambling undermines morality, and schools industry to be the first victim for the penitentiary. I do not think that assembling with blacklegs, pimps, and scamps tends to elevate the mind or improve the morals of man. (Hear, and applause.) *The Derby* is not a day of prayer and fasting; but the tongue is loose and *vulgarity is the order of the hour. Profanity* is on the increase, vulgarity gains new disciples on the Derby. I was taught that profane swearing was the resort of the vulgar. (Hear, and oh.) The gentleman may dissent—but the man who cannot endorse his opinion without the obscene introduction of some loud oath deserves the pity of all good men. (Hear.) It is a vile habit—coarse and plebeian. There are two distinct marks of the true gentleman. He never tells a lie or takes the name of God in vain. (Hear, hear.)

"It chills my heart to hear the blest Supreme
Rudely appealed to upon every trifling theme.
Maintain your rank, vulgarity dispise,
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise.
You would not swear upon a bed of death,
Repent! your Maker now may stop your breath.
(Applause.)

"The Derby Day is the Baden Baden of the Rouge et Noir. Gambling is the rule—all classes bet—the servant copies the master—men lose who can little afford it. Gaming is a terrible vice—it ruins the winner as well as the loser. What excitement is the most intense? asked the Regent. Winning at cards, replied Fox. What next? Losing. The Derby is covered with gamblers. Thimble-rigging, cock-fighting, card betting, horse racing, fortune telling, penny tossing. Each sharper bent on his prey. The gamester is a lost man, and the Derby is his lair. Another thought. *The Derby is a day of unbridled licence.* The Christian preacher has no voice at the Derby. Slang phrases are the fashion. The chaff of the Derby is an institution—(hear and cheers)—but it is a vulgar, low, disgusting institution. (Oh, and hisses.) The ride home is a scene of danger—coats torn—hats lost—carriages broken, and life risked—stones, mud, dirt, and bon-bons fly around your head. Your eyes are liable to be put out at any moment. The ladies in your carriage may be your sisters—your wives—your daughters. Never mind it; they must listen and blush not, for it is the Derby day. The young men with the four-in-hand throw dolls and wooden babies into their laps—(laughter)—the very idea conveys an immoral thought—the conception is obscene. Who introduced this doll-throwing custom? Of course, it was the libertine—the seducer. The act is often accompanied with loud jests.

"Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense?

"The Derby is the benefit day of the Shoulder-hitter and the Pugilist. The rowdy scenes—the brutal contests—the bloody fights on the grounds are only surpassed in debauchery by what take place on the return from the races. The drunken drivers rush madly along the streets, and human limbs and human life are risked on all sides. Go into the hospitals the next day and make a note of the broken arms—the burned bodies and the disfigured faces you see there. Cruelty to man succeeds cruelty to horses—Miss Todd's coachman must not punish his horse—but the jockey of the Earl of Essex must not be questioned when driving his spurs deep into the favorite's sides. (Hear, hear.) Again, the extravagance of the Derby is enough to condemn it. How many go there that can little afford it? (That's so.) How many young men have risked and lost—and their employers must suffer until their clerk turns out a Robson, a Redpath, or a Pullinger! (Cheers.) Herhaps he is a married man with grown up daughters, and all dependent upon his hard-earned salary. He bets—he loses—he becomes mad—he looks over the bridge—his courage fails—he stops a moment—hesitates—then kneels down before the heavily laden coal cart—puts

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☞ We have letters for Messrs. Duprez and Green, John W. Albaugh, Edward Lamb, John Sloat, Edward Thompson, William Arlington, W. B. Cavanaugh, Samuel Price, Rolland Brothers, and Master Leon.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, July 7, '62.

Thus far the summer season has not been attended with success, and now that we have passed "the Fourth," matters will show a further downward tendency. We shall be greatly surprised, if one or more of our theatres do not close before the lapse of many days. The "Fourth" was a "saving clause" for some of them, while all were more or less benefited by "the day we celebrate;" and although all places of amusement have large audiences on that day, yet it is a curious fact that worse performances are seldom given. Managers and performers conclude that anything will do for a holiday audience, and the way they hack, and cut, and slash things, is an abomination to all patrons of the drama. They do not help themselves, however, by thus treating the people, for the latter take it for granted that bad acting is the rule, and many of them abstain from visiting the theatre again. One good night—the Fourth—was about all our theatres had during the week; for the excitement concerning the war news, which commenced on Monday, and was continued throughout the week, had a most damaging effect upon all public places of amusement, and in fact upon every kind of business. The call for more troops but added to the uneasiness of the people, and scarcely anything else was talked about, or thought of, but the "critical position" of our army before Richmond. The current week opens without change, everything being unsettled, and everybody anxiously awaiting the "latest intelligence from the seat of war." So that it is not probable any of our theatres or gardens will give their treasurers much trouble to count up their receipts.

Some of our critics speak as though the theatres and shows were doing remarkably well, with "full houses and enthusiastic audiences." This is all bosh, and in keeping with the old style of "puffery," which injures more than it helps. Puffery, suppers and collations, and all that sort of buying and selling, should be abolished. We never admired "the style" at all, and journalists of the present day should be above accepting invitations to suppers, or champagne drinkings, when proffered by shrewd managers at the opening of a new theatre, or garden, or other place of public resort. The mere offer of "a supper to the press," at such a time, is an insult. What has the press done to deserve the gratuitous "feed?" Nothing. Then what is expected of it? Much, very much, "my Christian friends." This free supper guzzle, this champagne swizzle, this "courtesy to the gentlemen of the press," are of the "tickle me and I'll tickle you" arrangement. They are intended to close the "great mouth" of the press, and thus prevent an honest expression of opinion. They are intended to buy up the influence of "that mighty engine for good or evil." Everybody understands it, and we are glad to find that many members of the press are beginning to treat all such affairs as they deserve to be treated. The latest "free blow to the press" was that given just previous to the opening of what is called "Cremorne Garden." It was a "free lunch" and "champagne drink" for the exclusive entertainment of the press. And do you think the manager tendered his cold meats and Newark cider without expecting to reap ten times the amount of the cost of these "cold vittles?" No, sir. While the critics were pouring down the manager's drinks, he and his agents were pouring into their ears tales of the wonders and beauties of the establishment, how *their* Cremorne eclipsed the London garden; how the performers were the most talented company ever brought to the notice of the public; how the circus, and the opera, and the ballet, and all the other amusements had been gathered together at an "enormous expense," just to please the New York public. But the critics seem to have swallowed their cider, and eaten their cold meats, without taking down the huge stories; some of them looked on, and touched not; they refused to be a party to the "little arrangement," much to their credit be it said; and when the morning dawned, the daily papers ignored the supper and garden altogether, or treated the affair in a very light manner. We have heard of no free blow to the press since then. The man that got *that* up, didn't think it worth while to repeat, "under the circumstances." We trust that the result may not be without its lesson to other managers; and we hope the press may follow out what was then partially commenced, and treat with the contempt they deserve, all managers who set out a dish of cold meat, and a bottle of cider, as a bait to catch the newspaper critic.

After a year of almost uninterrupted, splendid business, Bryants' Minstrels brought their entertainments to a close, for a short season, on Saturday evening, July 5th. Their hall will be closed about six or seven weeks, during which time the repairs and improvements already referred to by us will take place. The company will be re-organised, and several new faces will appear on the re-opening. In the meantime, the Bryants will take a little turn around, and probably drop in among some of our New England friends.

Rob Roy was the attraction at the Winter Garden, last week, Professor Anderson assuming the leading character with his usual dramatic inability. The piece failed to draw.

Among the passengers that sailed in the steamer China, on the 2d inst., for Liverpool, was Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler.

Laura Keene has not given up her theatre altogether, as many have supposed. On the contrary, she will resume business in September, with a new company, embracing some people new to our boards. The orchestra will be under the direction of Mr. Thomas Baker, whose composition and arrangement of music have made him one of the most popular leaders in the country. Miss Mitchell merely took the theatre for a short summer season. Laura will open the next campaign on a new system.

This evening, July 7th, Wood's New Hall, on Broadway, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, will be inaugurated as a place of amusement by Wood's Minstrels, re-organised, and embracing some of the best talent in the profession. Two capital end men, for the funny business, have been secured in the persons of Eph Horn and Charley Fox, while the interlocutory business will be entrusted to Cool White, who is not excelled in that line, and who, in addition, is well up in the drama, and a most useful man in many ways. Another most excellent delineator of the eccentric Negro character is Frank Brower, who has also been engaged by Mr. Wood. Frank has few equals in his peculiar line, and in one or two of his special acts he is without a rival. For the singing department, H. Schwicardi, R. Abecco, the Brahams, H. Percy, and others are engaged. Some of these are well-known to the New York public, especially Percy and Abecco, who will contribute to make one of the finest quartettes ever engaged in a minstrel organization. Altogether, the new band has been gotten up with a good deal of judgment—it is seldom that such an array of comic and sentimental talent is found combined in one company. The hall has been fitted up with taste, and cannot fail to please.

Mr. Reeves, of Rumsey & Newcomb's Minstrels, arrived here last week. He will be attached to Bryants' company, on their re-opening.

The Christy will case will shortly loom up. There are two claimants for the "widow's mite," and the struggle between them promises to be spirited. Mrs. Harrington claims to have been legally united to Mr. Christy, while the other side contend that such could not have been the case if she already had a husband living. Mrs. H., we understand, has applied for letters of administration, while the other Mrs. C. has also applied, both professing to be the legally constituted authority. The courts will have a hard task to dispose of the ladies. It reminds us very much of the dilemma in which a celebrated tragedian was once placed while performing Hamlet. The man originally cast for the part of the Ghost was dismissed, on account of some offence, and another performer was substituted; but lo! and behold, when the cue was given for the Ghost to appear, there were two Ghosts, the original and the substitute. The latter appeared on one side of the stage, and exclaimed, "Hamlet, I am thy father's ghost!" when suddenly the original ghost made his appearance on the other side, saying, "*No*, Hamlet, *I* am thy father's ghost!" and between the two, poor Hamlet was brought to grief. Just so it may turn out with the one will and the two widows. Keep out of the courts, if possible, ladies.

There is nothing new to record of Wallack's, where the Florences are performing. It's a little rough for the "young couple," but they have plenty of company in their bad business. Some of our managers would make money by shutting up.

Nixon's Palace of Music, or Cremorne, or Circus, or whatever else it is called, is doing its share of business, and that is about all. Some fresh attractions might bring up the exchequer a little, for the performances now given are pretty well used up by this time. One great fault of some of our managers is, that they have not sense enough to understand when the public have had enough of anything, and so they continue to keep before the public old and worn-out performers and performances, of whom and which the people are tired. A boxing match, anything, almost, would be a relief to the *habitues* of the Cremorne.

Considering the mania for summer management, isn't it a little singular that no one has given the old National a summer airing? Surely there's as much chance for making *that* pay as any of the other theatres.

At Barnum's Museum, we now have the Holman National Opera Troupe, who give "Cinderella" from the "resources" of their own family. Mr. and Mrs. Holman are well-known favorites. Miss Sallie is the prima donna, and Julia and Ada are equally useful in the varied casts filled by them, in conjunction with their three brothers, Alfred, Benjamin, and John. We understand that the Holman troupe are to stay two weeks at Barnum's. Mr. C. Busch is their advertising agent, and Mr. A. L. Parkes is the general manager.

We have to record the death of Isabella Hinckley Susini, wife of the celebrated basso Susini, formerly at our Academy of Music. Her death was caused by puerperal fever, leaving her husband and relatives almost inconsolable with grief. Beloved by all who knew her, and being a performer of great promise as a vocalist, the public generally will deplore this sad event. On the evening of the 5th, the remains of the deceased were removed to Albany, her native place, where her family principally reside, and would join her affectionate husband in superintending the interment.

The "Cricket" has been with Mrs. Mitchell, after weeks, the greater portion of which time, the drama was played to bad business. A change is announced for this week, but the injurious effects of wearing out the patience of the patrons of Laura Keene's by keeping one piece upon the stage till the people tired of it, will operate against Miss Mitchell the remainder of the season. She has some bad advisers about her, we fear. Mr. Pilgrim might have put her on the right track, but the "gunpowder" man seems to have over-rated him, and the consequence will be fatal to the "young manager."

Herrmann, the prestidigitateur, sailed for England on the 2d inst.

As an architectural feature in Broadway, Wood's building (where his minstrels now teach the public how to keep both cool and jolly) is by no means a wooden affair, especially when we examine the interior decorations, which reflect the highest honor upon our New-York mechanics and their ambitious workmen. Having made some little inquiry into this subject, (for we honor all grades of artistic skill,) we find that the architect is Wm. T. Beers; the mason, Leopold Eidlitz; the carpenter, Wm. C. Miller; the decorators of proscenium, Maurer & Vogel; the frescoe painters, Loderwick & Tetherby; the upholsterer, H. C. Glinnswann; the gas fitters, Geo. H. Kitchen & Co. When the people assemble, they can see if the *ensemble* is not so. That's so. And, when found, make a note. Our city may well be proud of Wood's Building. Three cheers for our New-York mechanics!

The administrative genius of Peter Richings, and the dramatic power of Miss Richings, have contributed their irresistible influences in bringing the present season at Niblo's Garden into its thirteenth week with great *eclat*. As previously announced by us, "The Night Dancers" commences the attractions of the present week, being the first time that Loder's beautiful and romantic opera was ever produced at this house. Really, our dramatic and operatic circles are much indebted to Mr. Richings for his heroic and Washingtonian perseverance, as well as his already well-known merit as a performer. In this version, as adapted by Mr. Richings, we find Miss Richings as Giselle, and bravely does her splendid vocalization render the music. By way of relief to the ambitious little Caroline, we find Annetti Galetti as Myrtha, leading on the ballet dancers generally, and making us all feel very Frenchy while considering—

"Les guirlands de soir, qui parfument leur tetes,
Je'tent s'enivrent qu'on respire en leurs fetes."

Godfrey is sustained by Mr. Richings, and the fatherly Peter appears once more as a challenge to all admirers for his artistic skill in impersonation. By the way, we may as well just whisper to Young New York, that Miss Richings takes a benefit on Friday, 11th July.

Mr. William R. Fleming is to be the successor of Professor Anderson at Winter Garden, whose "tempests" and "brewings" have not, somehow, been successful.

Mr. James Pilgrim, author, actor, manager, and generalissimo, now goes to Boston. What is one city's loss becomes the gain of another. "I believe yer, me boy."

The Old Bowery closes on the 8th, but we presume that the complimentary to Messrs. Bridegman and Cunningham takes place there on the 9th, as announced by us last week, not having been advised to the contrary.

The Olympic, late Wallack's, is again closed, Miss Mary Provost being in unsuitable health for contending with Broadway competitions about these days. In the fall, she has hopes of making a "try—try again" for managerial honors. In the mean time, where *is* John Brougham?

DRAMATIC.

Manager Buckland was in luck when Mrs. Buckland received a complimentary benefit at his Theatre Royal, Montreal, on the 30th June. The bill was "Everybody's Friend" and "The Sentinel." The Garrison Amateurs volunteered, and the entire affair was under the patronage of Lieut. Gen. Sir F. Williams, Bart., K. C. B., of Kars. Major Garrett, and the officers of the 16th Regt., were also present, and gave the services of their Regimental Band.

The Metropolitan, Buffalo, has now got fairly going with a new getting up of "Aladdin," and "The Wonderful Lamp" shines out "in gorgeous array." In the cast are Messrs. W. Carter, Sydney Smith, C. P. Degroot, L. Thompson, J. C. Morrison, S. W. Ashley, G. Harrison, W. Mead, W. Allen, C. J. Heartwell, J. Montague, W. Murray, etc., with Mdmes. L. B. Perrin, A. Harrison, H. F. Nichols, H. Stanley, S. Smith, Pike, and Matilda Hughes Jacobs.

Mrs. Barrow's engagement at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, seems to have been satisfactory. She played Mrs. Haller and Juliana in the two pieces selected for her benefit and farewell, on the 28th June. Barton Hill was the Stranger and Duke Aranza. Vining Bowers was Peter and the Mock Duke. The remainder of the casts were well filled.

"Seneca," writing from St Louis on the 1st July, says that probably some members of the St. Louis Theatre company will go to Pike's Opera House, in Cincinnati, when it opens under Mr. P.'s management. The dramatic season closed at the St. Louis Theatre on the 28th June. Last night, Robert Heller, the magician, commenced a short engagement, consisting of "prestidigitation," diabolism, second sight, and, best of all, his superb pianomization—to coin a word in his style. He was the recipient of much applause from a very good house. If he were to come here, solely on his merits as a pianist, bringing a concert troupe with him, he could do much better than as a magician, for our people are very musical in taste. Heller's fund of "small talk" is by no means the least amusing part of the performance.

Mr. Charles Jeffrey, a general favorite as a low comedian in Washington and neighboring cities, is now seeking a fall or winter engagement. He shines in such a character as Smike, (by the side of Joe Jefferson's Newman Noggs) for example. See Mr. Jeffrey's advertisement among our theatrical portion.

"Wattie Rusher" writes from Troy that, as announced last week, Miss Alice Placide opened at the Troy Adelphi on the 30th June, as Valsha, in the "Slave Queen." This piece is entirely too heavy for the company; the audience perceived it immediately after the first act, which was greeted with hisses, to a limited extent. The prompter, Mr. Stevens, is to blame for this, for allowing an inferior to assume his position while he was on the boards. Miss Placide was the principal redeeming character of the play; had she failed, the audience would not have allowed the curtain to rise on another act. The armor drama worn by this star was strikingly neat and beautiful. Mr. McDonald, as Ludgar, did finely, as did Balbec (Mr. Riggs). The part of Graff was enacted by Mr. D. B. *alias* Mr. J. C. alias Mr. George Vandeeren. Mr. V. continues to try and see how many words he can speak in a second. The Regine of Mrs. Vandeeren was played quite artistically. Miss Placide will continue another week, giving new pieces every evening. Manager McCann will continue through the summer season. The Trojans are coming to the rescue.

We have later advices from San Francisco, California, under date of June 7th, as follows:—"Since my last, theatricals have not materially changed.

Metropolitan Theatre.—The Bianchi Opera troupe have been playing three nights in the week, to fair business. On the off nights, and Saturday afternoons, the Hanlons have been playing to better business than the opera.

American Theatre has been doing well with the Biblaic drama of "The Child of Babylon," Julia Dean Hayne appearing as Joseph, the first appearance in male character of this lady.

The Varieties is doing remarkably well; Charley Backus, in his new act, "Rampant Aerostation," being a burlesque on the great act of the brothers Hanlon, is exceedingly funny.

Mrs. W. H. Leighton and her company are in San Juan, doing remarkably well.

McKean Buchanan and Daughter are on the road to Washoe.

Charles Pope is in Stockton, with a dramatic company including Miss Jennie Mandeville, Mrs. Pope, Mrs. Rand, Mrs. Waldron, Messrs. Clifton, Lovell, Woodhull, White, and Wilson.

SHERRY CORBYN.

Having mentioned, in another paragraph, that Mrs. Buckland's recent benefit at Manager Buckland's Theatre Royal, was honored with the performances of the Garrison Amateurs, we have no doubt our readers would like to know their names; and, as circumstances have favored us with a list, we take pleasure in giving them, for it has been our settled rule to consider our Canadian friends as "rowing in the same boat" with us. When we commenced our present classifications in this department, we could not bear to put our Canadian items among the "Foreign." We cannot help thinking that we are all Americans—in allegiance to the Drama, at least—as the Sovereign of human sentiment. In this spirit we have no doubt the Garrison Amateurs contributed their services to grace the casts for "Everybody's Friend" and "The Sentinel." The first piece is one of Tom Taylor's best, and had for Felix Featherly, Major Garratt, 16th Regt.; Icebrook, D. A. C. G. Festing, Esq.; Major Wellington de Boots, Lieutenant Horne, 16th Regt.; Trap, J. Robinson, Esq., 16th Regt.; Gardener, Lieut. Littleton, Grenadier Guards; Mrs. Featherly, Mrs. Buckland; Mrs. Swandown, Miss Gray; Mrs. De Boots, Mrs. Hill, Fanny, Miss Macgregor. "The Sentinel" is a one-act musical drama, and had the following cast:—Frederick the Great, Lt. Colonel Conolly; Prince Frederick, Major Lowe, Grenadier Guards; Baron Sir Robert Cunliffe, Scots Fusilier Guards; Schoppsen, Lieut. Colonel Campbell, S. F. Gds.; King's Officers, Capt. Wayne, Gren. Gds., and Lieut. Lane Fox, Gren. Gds.; Corporal of the Guard, Captain Moncrieff, S. F. Gds.; Soldiers of the King's Guard, Captain the Hon. F. Elphinstone, S. F. Gds., Capt. Hunter Blair, S. F. Gds., Earl of Dunmore, S. F. Gds., Capt. Chas. White, S. F. Gds., Lieut. Barne, S. F. Gds., Lieut. Spiers, S. F. Gds., Major Garratt, 16th Regt., Capt. Westby, 16th Regt., Lieut. Freeman, 16th Regt., Lieut. Horne, 16th Regt.; Linda, Miss Effie Germon. No wonder that this was an agreeable occasion. Let the amateur folks take "a hitch higher in class."

"The Octoroon" is re-produced this week at the Arch-street, Philadelphia, with F. S. Chanfrau as Pete. Frank Drew takes his farewell benefit at this house on the 9th.

"King Cotton," a new burlesque, is one of the attractions at the Walnut, Philadelphia, this week. Miss Julia Daly appears as Pluribustah, and Miss Fanny Brown as Columbia.

Theatricals are not very brisk anywhere, just now. Occasionally we hear of a company doing well; but generally, "according to the tenor of our despatches," the business is quite dull. Many performers are holding off altogether, until the summer is over, while others hope to make expenses by going "on the circuit." But we cannot look for any improvement in theatricals until the fall season sets in.

The Fourth was observed at the Howard, Boston, with a "double-header," that is to say, one performance at 4, P. M., and another at 8½, P. M. The first had "The Devil in Paris," and "The Dog Show." The second had "Woman," and "The French Spy." As The Devil and as Mathilde de Meric, with their Protean concomitants, Miss Adah Isaacs Menken played with her usual spirit and success.

Mr. S. Draper, formerly manager of the Detroit Theatre, is now sole lessee of the Academy of Music, Milwaukee, which is to open about the middle of August. As Mr. Draper is a "brick," we presume that he will soon take rank in helping to build up "the city of bricks." He has a very handsome and commodious house. See his advertisement.

The glorious Fourth was handsomely observed at the Theatre Royal, Montreal. Gottschalk was on hand, in conjunction with the dramatic company, and the prices were raised. The Montrealites faced the music well, with double price to the boxes, and did ditto on the 5th, to hear the great American pianist. "God Save the Queen!"

Since the arrival of T. A. and Carrie Lyne out at Denver, the Platte Valley Theatre in that city of Colorado Territory, had a grand re-opening, which took place on the 24th June. The bill led off with "Wm. Tell," cast as follows:—Wm. Tell, T. A. Lyne; Albert (Tell's son,) Carrie Lyne; Gesler, E. R. Collins; Sarnem, Darcey Lutold, Mellville; Melchtal, Marshall; Verner, Andrews; Michael, Bland; Rodolph, Gallott; Erni, Gourlay; Emma (Tell's wife,) Mrs. McArthur; Savoyard Boy, Miss Josephine. The afterpiece was "Perfection," with Sir Lawrence Paragon, T. A. Lyne; Chas. Paragon, E. R. Collins; Sam, Darcey; John, Andrews; Kate O'Brien, Carrie Lyne; Susan, Mrs. McArthur. So much for Manager H. B. Murphy's Denver detachment at that date. Biz. was good, and the free list entirely "hung up," except the Press.

Manager Shires shied off the dramatic track a little on the 28th June, and had a trial jig dance at his National Theatre, Cincinnati. Frank Perine, Joseph Cooper, Johnny Wilson, and W. H. Griffin were the competitors. The award of the judges was in favor of the last named, and the prize of a silver belt was presented by Manager Shires to Mr. Griffin. But, on the Fourth of July, Pike's Opera House was opened by Manager Shires with a minstrel company. Shires has fairly "shied his castor" into Pike's, and we are anxious to observe how he comes out.

John Chester, otherwise Isaac C. Pray, opened at Quebec on the 30th June, (two days later than as first announced,) with "The Colleen Bawn." He has self, Charles Wheatleigh, H. Dubois, John McCullough, T. E. Mills, R. Farren, E. Eberle, and J. B. Collins, with Mrs. Stoneall, Miss Jenny de Lacy, Mrs. M. A. Marshall, Miss M. Cooke, etc.

Dan Setchell had a rousing complimentary ben. at Washington, on the 30th June. It was a very congressional affair, for six senators and twenty-one reps. were at the bottom of it.

Manager J. W. Lanergan is now likely to stay until September at his "little box" in St. John, N. B. Couldock opens there on the 14th, and next comes Joe Proctor on the 28th.

Really, we have a large family to look after. "Seneca," writing from St. Louis, having stated that the Hudson Sisters had left St. Louis, but no one knew where, Miss Julia L. writes us to say that herself and sister Lola are in Leavenworth, Kansas, at the Union Theatre, in that city. They have done well there (the house being under the management of Messrs. Addis & Templeton), and soon leave for a more profitable engagement at Baltimore. Glad of it, girls.

Tom Thumb is now "taking a summer recess" at Barnum's Aquarial Gardens, Boston.

E. L. Davenport is already engaged for the next regular season at the Walnut, Philadelphia.

During the last season at Boston, thirty-eight new plays had a first representation:—twenty at the Museum; fifteen at the Howard; one at the Boston Theatre; and one simultaneously at both Howard and Museum.

Miss Kate Reignolds is soon to appear at the Theatre Royal, Montreal.

A queer kind of compliment is continually going on towards the authorship of "The Rendezvous." Its latest adoption and re-baptism was in Philadelphia lately, where it had to carry the name of "Black Horse Cavalry."

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Hooley's Minstrels are in their fourth week at the Continental, Philadelphia. The company is now much improved, and their business also. On the 5th, there was a splendid attendance.

Mr. D. Edmonds, at present leader of Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, (now on a tour in the West while their Opera House in Philadelphia is being re-decorated) is a notable example in his profession. He was was born on the 9th October, 1830, and began to show off on the violin in 1838. First blacked his face in 1839, and played for J. Stoddard, doing the singing and dancing in Jim Crow biz. Commenced as a regular minstrel in 1846, and has been steadily at it ever since. Can play any instrument in the band, do middle biz., go on for fops and old men in afterpieces, and "turn about and do jess so" in general utility.

Duprez & Green's Minstrel Troupe showed in New Haven July 2d, a stormy evening, but for all that, a $125 house witnessed the performance of this splendid troupe. They "billed" the city well, but the Bryants, who are soon to appear there, "took the rag off the bush" in that line.

Both professional and amateur friends will be glad to learn that the Wabash Minstrels gave their third entertainment on board the United States Flag Ship Wabash, off Port Royal, on the evening of July 4th. The programme consisted chiefly of singing and dancing, concluding with the farce of "Box and Cox."

When we consider the fact fairly, this move might be called "blockade theatricals." Boys, you can "go up" in your class.

Another minstrel is added to the list of the dead. On the 1st July, Chas. Bovee died, in Providence, R. I., in the 24th year of his age. Mr. Bovee was formerly connected with Shorey, Green & Co's New Orleans Opera Troupe, but of late has been unable to attend to any business. His disease was consumption. His funeral took place on the 3d inst.

The Toledo Opera House is now in its thirteenth week of the present season for minstrelsy, etc. Among the company are O. W. Blake, James A. Hayes, Prof. Lucker, Lew Benedict, J. F. Oberist, J. G. Gomaze, John H. Carle and daughters Estella and Celestine, Charley Rivers, Miss Victoria, etc. Last week some improvements were made by which ladies and children will now be able to join the regular audiences. Mrs. O. W. Blake was cordially welcomed on returning to the boards, 28th June, after an absence of two weeks, to bury a brother who had been killed in one of the battles on the Mississippi.

"Wattie Rusher" writes from Troy that Bryants' Minstrels are regarding that city for the 18th July. Boys, come out with flamers, for the Trojans will be backward. They like to look at pictures; let them have 'em in abundance.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody some good," is a correct and philosophical maxim, as may be seen in the fact that while Bryants' Minstrels are away from us, thousands of their old friends (and tens of thousands of their new visitors) will be made happy by the opportunity of seeing them at various places during the short summer recess from metropolitan life. Look out for the Bryants' party at Newark, on the 7th and 8th; New Haven, 9th and 10th; and Hartford, 11th and 12th. Refined fun and heart-expanding sentiment are in all their performances.

MUSIC HALLS.

Melodeon Hall, Madison, Wis., has been undergoing redecoration by Mr. J. M. Johnson, its present lessee. The scenery remains as good as when finished by Leslie, of Cincinnati, and Harry Hilliard, of Auburn, N. Y. J. E. Murdoch opened on the 1st with dramatic readings for the week, and on the 7th a dramatic troupe from Cincinnati were to commence performing for one week, if not longer.

"Wattie Rusher" writes from Albany that Capt. Smith opened his theatre on the 28th June, with a dramatic and concert troupe combined. The former may be considered pretty respectable, embracing the names of R. S. Manuel, A. Glassford, Andrew Sanford, Mrs. Glassford, and Miss Faiblove. Mr. Manuel's company that was to have started from Niagara Falls, is "withholden" for the present. The concert troupe is not very full, those engaged having not yet made their appearance. I will send you a list when all is in trim. Miss Adelaide Price, a *danseuse*, is connected with this theatre.

From St. Louis, "Seneca" writes on the 1st July, that the Varieties still goes on, "conquering and to conquer," for "The Nondescript" has proved a giant hit. When Deagle produced Sinbad, we thought for the present he had exhausted scenic and mechanical art, but no such thing; in the present piece "Sinbad" is as completely out-done as green turtle goes ahead of soup maigre. Mr. Foxon, the artist, has lavished the skill only acquired by a long experience, united with the suggestions of rare genius, upon this, the culminating evidence of his ability as a scenic painter. Seconded by a good machinist, he has made "The Nondescript" the most gorgeous and perfect work of scenic art ever exhibited in St. Louis. It fills the house nightly, in conjunction with other good things. The ballet are now doing "The Flag of All Nations," arranged by Senor Constantine, who is convalescing from the effects of a severe wound on his left arm, produced by a window falling on it. On the 7th July will be produced "The Colleen Bawn," with Kate O'Neil in that pathetic part, Eily O'Connor. Miss O'Neil and Kate Fennoyer continue great favorites, while the other members of the company still hold the distinguished consideration of patrons of the Varieties as ever. It is useless for me to attempt to particularize.....The Melodeon Summer Garden is doing well, the performance vibrating in and out of doors, as the weather is foul or fair.....Bowery Theatre and Concert Hall is still flourishing, and Esher advertises it as "the coolest place of amusement in the city." (?) If a rushing performance can make it warm, it ought to be.....Alf Burnett has made a hit in securing Solomon's Temple, for us latter-day sinners to look at, and is taking quarters in Wyman's Hall in quite a refreshing style.

Beller's Concert Hall, Detroit, shone out lively during Independence Week, and is quite likely to "keep doing it more." The company have been freely recruited from Philadelphia lately, and we now give a revised list:—George R. Edeson, stage manager; Peter Cueney, pianist; Fred. Spiegel, musical director; B. L. Szollosy, ballet master; and Messrs. H. W. Eagan, W. S. Sudworth, Billy Thomas, C. Covelli, L. J. Donnelly, J. Edmons, with Emma Winthrop, Kitty Blanchard, Emma Schell, Annie Lee, Fannie Weaver, Rosa Duval, La Petite Ella, Annie Harrison, Ville Jennie, etc. Szollosy has been concocting a new ballet, called "The Cochin-China Festival," in which Kitty Blanchard, of course, leads the dancing. H. W. Eagan also leads in the negro farce of "Jumbo Jum." Pretty good party to ring the bell of popularity at Beller's.

Long's Varieties and Museum, Philadelphia, had a profitable week of it. Long has a talented little company engaged, and they give some very clever entertainments.

The Gayety, Albany, continued throughout the week with the same large company. Instead of playing to empty benches now, the management is nightly greeted with hundreds of smiling, joyous faces. Alas for the legitimate at the Gayety; like Othello's occupation, it is gone.

The Continentals, vocalists and instrumentalists, are on an extended tour in the West, under the agency of A. B. Scoville. After doing well at Fort Wayne on the 4th and 5th, they commence the present week at Wabash; Peru, on the 8th and 9th; Logansport, Ind., 10th and 11th; and commence next week at Lafayette, Indiana.

Pittsburgh has been well off lately, in the way of amusements. Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels are now to stay this (their second) week. Sanford's Minstrels were there, but have "moved on." The theatre was also open last week. Van Amburgh's show was out at the Fair Grounds. By the way, Frank Edwards has left Philadelphia for Pittsburgh, where Carncross & Dixey's party seem to have "taken" the town.

CIRCUSES.

Stokes's National Circus filled up a high old time all last week in Brooklyn. This week they begin to gyrate on the circumambidus, commencing at Williamsburgh on the 7th; Greenpoint, 8th; Harlem, 9th; Hoboken, 10th; Jersey City, 11th; and on the 12th, they start on a steamboating trip among the towns on the Hudson. As Sam Lathrop has been added to the company, prudent housewives and corpulent gentlemen had better see that the public buttons are all secure, for laughter and jollity must be inevitable wherever the Stokes party raise their centre pole with our glorious banner, or set their signals of legitimate fun on board of their beautiful boat. No room there for misanthropes or traitors.

The Antonio Brothers are out on the spread with their Grand Pavilion, Brass Band, Bob Smith, and all the "etceteras." They were at Evansville, Ind., during the week ending 28th June, and are on a general tour, intending to "fotch up" at St. Louis on the 30th July. Whever they go, Young America sets to work for playing circus," or at least "talking circus."

MISCELLANEOUS.

James Duce, otherwise Ducelle, a magician and sleight-of-hand performer, died on the 20th June, of consumption. Deceased injured himself in one of his sword-swallowing exhibitions, and was laid up all last winter. He then started out with Van Amburgh's Menagerie, but too much exposure to weather and his feeble health, brought on his last illness.

Mr. J. M. Hager gave two floral concerts at Tweddle Hall, Albany, N. Y., on June 24th and 26th, assisted by five hundred children. They met with great success, and repeated the affair on the 28th, to an overflowing house.

The Tremaine Family of vocalists gave an exhibition at Albany on July 1st. The company consists of Misses Laura and Hattie Tremaine, Miss Louise Bennett, Messrs. Charles, William, Tom, and Alonzo Tremaine.

Miss Alice Placide gave a reading *dramatique* in Schenectady, N. Y., on the 27th ult., to a fair house. The style of reading in which Miss Placide appears, is similar to that of Fanny Kemble.

Father Reed's Old Folks gave three concerts in Schenectady, on the 1st, 2d, and 3d of July.

An instrumental concert was given by the Albany German Band, led by Henry Freberthysen, in Schenectady, on the 28th ult.

Gottschalk "pianoized" in Troy on the 2d, to a good house.

Professor Adrien, the Universally Acknowledged King of Magicians," (!!!) met with an overwhelming array of empty benches on the 3d in New Haven. The money was refunded, and the "glim doused." Hocus, pocus, disappear!

An act of courtesy towards the Brooklyn base ball players during their recent visit to Philadelphia, was shown by Mrs. Barrettson, of the Walnut Street Theatre, and Mrs. John Drew, of the Arch street, these ladies having kindly offered the players free access to their respective theatres while they remained in the city. We have no doubt our ball players will remember this.

J. W. Whiston, the humorist, was at Waterloo, N. Y., on the 29th and 30th June. He commenced July at Seneca Falls, where he gave one of his peculiar Fourth of July orations.

The Chas. B. Reynolds party have not yet gone into Canada, it seems. We find them at Horpellsville, N. Y., all last week, and performing three times on the Fourth of July. Little Lola is as brightly as ever. They also have J. H. Rogers, G. W. Smith, Anne E. Dillingham, etc.

Mons. J. J. Fontarieve, an accomplished and popular member of Hall's Boston Brass Band, was accidentally thrown from a carriage at Stoneham, Mass., on the 29th June, and received such severe injuries as to cause death on the following morning. Mrs. F., who was with him at the time, was also severely injured. Deceased was an admirable performer on nearly every known musical instrument, a ripe scholar, a wonderful linguist, and so excellent in many branches of art, that his loss must be regretted by all who ever met with him, to say nothing of those honored with his friendship. But, perhaps we might say, as Shakespeare makes Agrippa say of Marc Antony:—

"A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity."

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

Tom Batty, the lion-tamer at Bell's Royal Hippodrome, England, is soon to receive some valuable offering as a testimonial of regard from his friends, and Mr. Bell is the treasurer. The following extract from the preliminary circular will show how this matter is viewed over there:—"The artistic skill of Mr. T. Batty, in his extraordinary manœuvres with the splendid group of animals at Bell's Hippodrome, the fearless and daring manner in which he so easily and unconcernedly compels them to start at his slightest motion—makes them bound over him, stand erect at his bidding, lie motionless at his feet, crouch and tremble at his very look—put at once far into the shade all former compeers, including Carter, Van Amburgh, or any other of the more modern so-called brute tamers, and whose equal, in the peculiar branch of business which he has chosen for a profession, does not exist."

J. W. Morris, a tenor vocalist, formerly with the Christy Minstrels, but for the past year or more on his own hook (or harp), is quite a favorite among the first-class music halls at the West End of London.

Edmund Falconer's version of "The Peep O'Day" reached its 200th consecutive night at his Lyceum, London, on the 29th June.

John Brougham has been giving his Capt. Murphy Maguire in "The Serious Family" at the Prince of Wales, Liverpool, and won great applause.

From recent advices and verbal information, we learn that the "fratricidal war" between the Wilson & Nish party, and the W. P. Collins party of "Christy Minstrels," is getting to be one at close quarters. This war has been carried on with considerable vigor. For instance, Wilson & Nish's party announce themselves to appear at Southampton, or some such place. Before the performance can come off, the town is flooded with small bills, about the size of an octavo page, containing the following:—"CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.—The real original and only Christy Minstrels (fifteen in company), proprietor, Mr. W. P. Collins, from Her Majesty's Theatre, St. James' Hall, &c., will not appear in Southampton, on May 30th and 31st, as announced, but for their appearance see future bills. The public of Southampton and its vicinity are hereby cautioned that parties representing themselves as the Christy Minstrels have announced a performance to take place in Southampton, and the proprietor of the original Christy Minstrels, Mr. Collins, thinks it his duty to warn his many friends against the imposition."

AMATEUR.

THE MURDOCH DRAMATIC INSTITUTE.—This admirably conducted school for Thespian students, notwithstanding they do not favor us with public shows, is in a most flourishing condition, we are happy to state, and regale their friends at their rooms in the Bowery with dramatic readings every Wednesday evening. Amateurs, of late, have become somewhat stale, owing, in a great measure, to the introduction of several individuals who render their presence obnoxious among ladies. When they are rooted out, we hope to see the "old Murdochs" again before the public.

CRICKET.

CRICKET, ARCHERY, BASE BALL, and other Games. Implements for the above, such as BALLS, BATS, WICKETS, BASES, BOWS and ARROWS, TARGETS, BELTS, &c.; as well as Chessmen, Chequers, Bagatelles, Tivolis, Playing Cards, Dominoes, Dice and Cups, and a great variety of social games—constantly a good supply—on hand and for sale at moderate prices.

☞ Catalogues and prices can be had on application. A fair discount to dealers. C. F. A. HINRICHS,
6-3m 150 Broadway (up stairs), N. Y.

FOURTH OF JULY MATCH OF THE NEW YORK CLUB.—Two very excellent twelves were made up for a match on the grounds of this club, on the 4th inst, in which several prominent players of the St. George Club, took part. This reunion was of a very pleasant character, and was brought about in this wise. There not being sufficient muster on the St. George ground to make up a good game, they kindly and courteously sent an invitation to the gentlemen of the New York Club to join them, which, we doubt not, would have been accepted, but that they had a stronger muster, including several friends and members of other clubs, and on their account, could not leave; but in lieu thereof, returned the compliment, by inviting the St. George gentlemen to join them, which was cheerfully accepted, and, as above stated, a pleasant game, and first-rate play was the result. Messrs. Higham and Sharp chose sides, and at about 2 P. M, play was commenced by Scudder and H. Wright, for the former, going to the wickets. Leaving details of the play to be told by the score, we shall merely point out a few of the prominent particulars. Scudder's 14 was as fine a display of batting as one would wish to see, particularly in cutting, and made up of two trays, two deuces, and four aces, and his stumping out by Higham was a masterpiece of the art of wicket keeping. If any one doubts it, let 'em ask Scudder. H. Wright's 13 was a wilful piece of willow wielding, started with a four, three little 'uns in between, and wound up with three deuces. All right for Wright. Napier took him cleanly, with a beautiful length ball; in fact, his bowling, batting and fielding is good all round, making him an invaluable aid in an eleven. We should like to see him well in, in which case he would lead a field a lively dance, and no discount. Crossley scored eleven, including a two and a three. Tyler and Clarendon's scores took the lead, and great credit are they entitled to therefor, considering their limited experience. The former's contained a four, three threes, and two twos; and the latter's a fiver, from a hit clear into the lady's tent, two threes, and three twos. Higham's score was the highest on the opposing side, and he hit the ball about lively for 16, and not satisfied with that, committed cricketer's suicide, by knocking his own wicket down. His score, which wound up by a powerful hit for three, included, also, three twos. Parkins, Clinton, Bailey, and McCoy made very liberal contributions to the score, and Napier's innings, though short and sweet, was quite sufficient to give an idea of what he can do on an emergency. The veteran, Sam Wright, showed the boys how to handle the bat, to the tune of four singles. We should have liked to see Messrs. Gordon and Laing in sufficiently long to get a sight at the leather, but the fates decreed it otherwise, and a treat was missed. In the bowling, we noticed that Marsh's right hand has not lost its cunning, while Napier, Crossley, and particularly H. Wright, proved themselves equal to knocking down any man's castle. The day's play wound up in a very agreeable manner, and we are sure that the gentlemen of both the St. George and New York clubs will never regret the part they took in it, their interchange of courtesies being of the most cordial kind. See the score:—

SHARP'S SIDE.		HIGHAM'S SIDE.	
Scudder st Higham b Nash	14	Parkin c Sharp b Crossley	7
H Wright b Napier	13	Plume b Crossley	3
Stevens b Napier	4	S Wright b H Wright	4
Sharp l b w b Napier	4	Gordon c Scudder b H Wright	3
Capt. Laing b Marsh	2	Napier b H Wright	8
Crossley c Plumer b Bailey	11	Bailey b H Wright	6
Vanderlip b Napier	2	Higham hit wkt b H Wright	16
Tyler b Napier	27	Bray b H Wright	1
Clarendon b Marsh	28	Seeley l b w b H Wright	0
Brown b Marsh	5	McCoy l b w b H Wright	6
Walker b Napier	1	Clifton c H Wright b Vanderlip	0
Wakeman not out	2	Meads not out	7
Byes 2, wides 4	6	Upton b Sharp	5
		Byes 6, wide 1	7
Total	119	Total	83

CRICKET AT BELLEVILLE, C. W.—A cricket match of one innings each side, was played there on the 27th ult., between elevens of the St. George club, of Oswego, N. Y., and of Belleville, which resulted in a victory for the former by nearly 100 runs. Holley appears to have delivered the ball with effect, and a correspondent says that he is of the opinion that he (Holley) is the fastest in this State, New York city included. We append the score of the match, which contains all necessary particulars:—

ST. GEORGE SIDE.		BELLVILLE CLUB.	
J Stevenson c Crabtree	19	W Mills b Holley	2
J Hand c Crabtree	3	F Despard b Holley	11
S Stevens c Crabtree	3	W Despard b Holley	0
M Holley c Henry	29	Crabtree b Holley	7
C Hampshire c Despard	7	C Mills b Holley	9
H Stephenson b Henry	55	C Henry b Holley	13
W Tobin c Mills	0	W Jellett run out	0
Dodge run out	26	J Reeves b Holley	7
J H Mattoon run out	0	A Robertson b Holley	7
N Crolius b Mills	1	J Henry b Hampshire	2
C Cooley not out	8	F Ridley not out	1
Byes and leg byes 12, wides 13	25	Byes and leg byes 14, wides 5	19
Total	176	Total	78

Umpires, Messrs. R. Ling and Wood.

MECHANICS VS CHIPPEWA.—EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir*:—This match was an exceedingly pleasant one, and one, we think, reflecting great credit upon us, being a junior club. The best feeling prevailed during the day between the two clubs. The match was an exciting one, and was witnessed by a large assemblage. It is needless to speak of the play, as the accompanying score will show the meritorious players, also the fact that some of the best players of both sides were bowled for one run or less. Early we hope to play the return match, when, we trust, we may be the happy recipients of a trophy from the renowned Mechanics. The score;—

MECHANICS.		CHIPPEWA.	
Jarvis b Pratt	33	Lounes b Senior	1
Holland run out	11	Costello b Senior	0
Gadsby b Pratt	0	Hurley c and b Stephens	6
Stephens b Pratt	0	Pratt b Senior	1
Senior not out	52	McBride b Jarvis	27
Robinson c Hurley b Pratt	0	Wallace b Senior	4
Warburton b McBride	2	Malone c Frances b Stephens	19
Facon b McBride	0	Barlow b Jarvis	28
Francis b Pratt	9	Whelan not out	3
Rhodes c Maybin b McBride	2	Davis b Senior	10
Wright b McBride	2	Ryan c Robinson b Senior	0
Byes 11, leg byes 4, wides 8	23	Byes 13, wides 9	22
Total	132	Total	121

Yours very truly, CRICKET.
PHILADELPHIA, June 30, 1862.

THE MYSTIC CRICKET CLUB of Charlestown, Mass., held their meeting on the evening of the 30th ult., for the election of officers, which resulted as follows:—President, Nahum A. Doe; Vice-President, Daniel W. Ford; Secretary, A. K. P. Bryant; Treasurer, Solomon B. Doe; Field Captain, James Wemyss, Jr.; Business Committee, Francis W. Elkins, George Wemyss, and Stephen C. Hilliard.

THE HAZARDVILLE (Ct.,) INVINCIBLE CRICKET CLUB wish to challenge any cricket club within fifty miles of said place, and if any club accepts it, they will please address F. J. COLVIN, Sec'y.

CRICKET IN IRELAND.

FIRST BATTALION 10th REGIMENT VS COUNTY WICKLOW.—This match was played at Avondale, near Rathdrum, on June 14, and ended in favor of the 10th Regiment by 65 runs. The fine weather, and liberal hospitality of the County Wicklow eleven, contributed greatly to the pleasures of the day. The score:—

TENTH REGIMENT.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
C C Oldfield c Crosdale b Hodgson	2	b Hodgson	3
P Beale c Crosdale b Norton	4	b Hodgson	3
W Tremenheere c Parnell b Norton	2	run out	3
E A Berger c Hodgson b Softlaw	18	b Crosdale	32
T V Biron b Softlaw	10	b Crosdale	18
P Maillard c Crosdale b Hodgson	8	b Softlaw	1
C J Barnett b Softlaw	3	not out	5
J Byron b Softlaw	1	b Norton	1
Color-Serg Kearney b Softlaw	14	c Edwards b Norton	0
Private O'Shea c Jones b Softlaw	1	b Crosdale	2
Color-Serg Collins not out	0	c Edwards b Norton	0
Bye 1, leg byes 3, wides 2	6	Byes 4, leg byes 2, wides 2	8
Total	70	Total	75

COUNTY WICKLOW.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
G Booth run out	5	c Kearney b Biron	1
G Softlaw c Biron b Oldfield	0	b Biron	0
H Hodgson b Biron	11	b Oldfield	13
A Norton c and b Biron	1	b Oldfield	0
G Crosdale c Oldfield b Biron	6	b Oldfield	0
C Hodgson b Biron	3	l b w b Oldfield	4
H Gaffney c Kearney b Oldfield	2	b Oldfield	1
W Edwards l b w b Biron	0	not out	13
R Crosdale c Kearney b Biron	0	b Biron	1
G Hunter not out	9	b Biron	0
C Parnell b Biron	0	c Berger b Biron	1
Byes 9, leg bye 1, wides 5	15	Bye 1, wide 1	2
Total	44	Total	36

THE TURF.

NEW YORK RACES, UNION COURSE, L. I.—The 4th of July was selected as the opening day for the revival of running in the North. It was one of the finest for the great sport of the Turf that we ever beheld; while the sun was bright and the sky cloudless, and there was a splendid breeze from the west. The heavy rains that have of late fallen had laid the dust most effectually, and though the track was a little too moist for extra fast time, it was far from being in a bad condition. We must say, however, that taking the weather, the day, and the sport offered into account, we were a little surprised at the limited number present. The crowd at no time, we think, exceeded 2,000, although some present put the number down at 3,000. Our own city and vicinity was but sparsely represented by noted turfmen, Messrs. Ward, Hunter, Bush, Monnot, and one or two more only, which shows conclusively that the spirit of racing is dormant at the North, and that, in consequence, we have not the stock to compete successfully with the extensive breeders of the West and South, who, on this occasion, were represented by Messrs. Clay, Ward, Weldon, Moore, and others of Kentucky, Mr. Alexander having failed to put in an appearance, owing to the fact, as we are informed, of a disagreement with his trainer. The event of the day which seemed to create the most interest was the handicap (two mile dash, for which pools were sold at Snediker's). Laura Farris was the first choice at 50 to 70 in a hundred dollar pool, Reporter second, Trovatore third, and Throgs Neck last, at which figures there was some speculation among the friends of the respective nags. Shortly before three we entered the gate, and we must say we were surprised to find the apparently inevitable business of gambling in full blast. "Birds of a feather flock together," found here its verification. The bell rings up the horses, and we are obliged to seek out a place to view and note, as none whatever had been set apart for the press.

THE FIRST RACE—Sweepstakes for three-year olds; two mile heats; subscription $200, forfeit $50; six entries to fill; second best to save stake; track to give $300.

For this race there were eleven entries advertised, but only two out of the number put in an appearance—West Roxbury and Blondin—West Roxbury had the call at 2 to 1 prior to the start. The betting was limited, and little interest manifested in the race, as it was considered a foregone conclusion. Roxbury had the insids, and at the start Blondin had a slight advantage, but Roxbury soon showed in front and was not again headed in the heat or race. Summary:—

A. J. Minor's ch c West Roxbury, by Balrownie 1 1
Zeb Wart's b c Blondin, by Imp Sovereign 2 2
Time, 4:13½; 4:05.

THE SECOND RACE of the day was one of the finest we have ever witnessed. There were originally fifteen entries, but only four came to the string, Laura Farris (the favorite), Reporter, Throgsneck, and Trovatore, and all in fine trim; Reporter was awarded the inside, and they had a splendid send off; all in a bunch they ran past the quarter; on the back stretch, Throgsneck showed in front, closely pressed by the favorite, with Trovatore and Reporter close upon their heels. The struggle up the home stretch reminded us of days gone by, and the excitement was intense. They passed the stand in the first mile in 1:53, Throgsneck leading the favorite about a neck, but the exertion proved too much for the gallant grey, who fell behind, Laura taking his place in the lead. At the half mile pole Trovatore crept to the front and then began the tussle for victory. The son of Monarch proved too fleet and staunch for Laura, and came home the winner sorely pressed by the other flyers. Summary:—

SAME DAY.—Handicap (English principle, reduce or add to weight for age;) two miles out; free for all ages; $100 entrance, $25 forfeit; seven entries to fill; second best to save stake; track to give $500.

P. C. Bush's b h Trovatore, 5 yrs, by Monarch, 90lb 1
T. G. Moore's b m Laura Farris, 6 yrs, by Lexington, 105lb 2
Zeb Ward's ch h Reporter, 4 yrs, by Lexington, 95lbs 3
F. Morris' g g Throgsneck, 7 yrs, by Cracker, 85 lbs 4
Time, 3:43¼.

After a long recess, the horses were called up for the third and last race, entitled

THE LADIES' GIFT RACE.—For this affair six horses put in an appearance. Betters were shy and we saw little risked on the event. Rumors were current that a horse entered under the name of Smashington had made fast time in Kentucky, and he was finally entered under protest by his owner. This race was only half mile heats, but the time made by the winners was so good, that the crowd lingered to see it out, although five heats were run before it was decided. Summary:—

SAME DAY.—LADIES' GIFT:—A gold watch, richly inlaid with diamonds, chain to match, free only to saddle horses; free to all white riders; weight to be carried, 150 lbs.; half-mile heats; value of watch and chain, $450; entrance fee, $15. Four or more entries to fill the race. No horse will be eligible to contend for this prize unless he shall have been used as an ordinary saddle horse, nor will any horse be eligible that has *started for a public purse*, either in the United States or Canada, within two years. Gentlemen making entries for this prize, will be required to pledge themselves that in the event of winning it, they intend making it a present to a lady. Winner of the Ladies' Gift at Philadelphia excluded from starting. Entries:—

P C Bush's ch h Logan, aged.
J Warnock's ch g Rice, 4 yrs.
Babcock's ch m Molly, 4 yrs.
J McDonald's ch m ——, 4 yrs.
W H Strong's b h One Eyed Jim, 4 yrs.
G E Rust's ch g Smashington, aged.

Rice won the first heat in 0:55; Logan the second in 0:54½; One Eyed Jim the third in 0:55; Logan filly the fourth and fifth in 0:55 and 1:03 respectively, and to her at last was awarded the prize.

During this week we are to have three more days' racing on the Union, and are promised great things; but we fear that the adage, "promises are made to be broken," will be more than half verified, if we may judge by previous protestations of turf speculators.

TROTTING AT ALBANY.—The trot at the Island Course, near Albany, N. Y., which had been the subject of so much comment, came off on Friday, the 27th ult. The track had been in splendid condition prior to the perfect avalanche of rain, but the pluvial fall played sad havoc with the appearance of things generally. The trot was between Murphy's mare "Trojan Girl," "Jake Cokely," owned by Cregan, and Blanchard's "Brutus." I never attended a race with so little comfort: the mud around the outside track was in some places "boot-top," and around the judges stand it was absolutely sickening. But even all these inconveniences did not dampen the ardor of those who acknowledged their enjoyment of the sport. Among the crowd I noticed John Morrissey, having in one hand a huge roll of bills. Morrissey bet high on the mare, and the crowd of friends with him did the same, but he was not taken up to any extent, the mare being the favorite two to one. Everything being ready, the nags were brought out, the drivers ascended the platform, and in the midst of a cloud of rain the word was given. *First Heat*—The "Trojan" mare and "Jake" ran neck and neck for some distance, but it was plain that "Jake" was on the wind, and something must give way suddenly. He looked much stronger than the "Girl," but there seemed to be a foreknowledge of his ill success. The mare with a dozen enormous strides came up to the stand four and a half lengths ahead. Time, 2:49. "Jake" threw a shoe in the first heat, and twenty-two minutes extra were allowed him for replacement. "Brutus" was left in the lurch to such an extent that the judges ordered him to be lurched for the match, much to the chagrin of Blanchard and backers. Betting, two to one on the "Trojan Girl;" no takers. *Second Heat*—The mare made a beautiful start, taking the lead by a length, which was scarcely altered during the entire race. Albanians slow on the bet, and felt discouraged as the mare came in, full two lengths ahead. Time, 2:54. *Third Heat*—Track very heavy. Mare took the lead again by at least a length, and held her own nobly. Cregan's "Jake" was beaten by the Girl several rods, who came panting up to the judges stand evidently conscious of "her oats." Time, 2:53. Time: First heat, 2:49; 2d heat, 2:54; 3d heat, 2:53. The stakes and purse, amounting to $600, were handed to the owner of "The Trojan Girl." Some eight or twelve thousand dollars changed hands among the 2,500 who were present to witness the contest. The mare was driven by Jack Callan, from Burlington, Vt., and he showed no little skill in his management of the "Girl." "Jake" was driven by his owner, Tom Cregan; Tom was very nervous in his rein-holding, and was evidently down in the mouth in the second heat. Mr. Blanchard attended to the wants of "Brutus," but "Brutus" concluded that the day was too unpleasant for him to kill Cæsar. The whole affair wound up with a set-to between two pugs, named Sherlock and Rogers, in which the latter received a broken bugle and a wrathy looking knob.

W. R.

FIREMEN'S TOURNAMENT AT PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Agreeably to notice, a grand tournament of fire companies, hose carriages, and hook and ladder companies, of the River Counties, to which a large number were invited, came off there on the Fourth. The invitation was accepted by Niagara Fire Engine Co. No. 2 of Poughkeepsie, Lady Washington Engine Co. No. 2 of Yonkers, Rapid Hose Co. No. 1 of Rondout, Wiltwyck Hose Co. No. 1 of Kingston, and Hope Hook and Ladder Co. No. 1 of Yonkers, who upon their arrival were received by the Fire Department of Peekskill, and after a fine parade, were very handsomely entertained, the Niagara Co. and Rapid Co. by the Washington Engine Co. No. 2, Independence Engine Co. No. 3, and Lady Washington Hose Co. No. 2—in the style for which they are proverbially known among firemen, that is to say, elegantly—and Lady Washington No. 2 of Yonkers, Wiltwyck Hose No. 1 by Columbian Engine No. 1, and Hope Hook and Ladder Co. 1 by Cortlandt Co., which gave satisfaction to their guests.

There being but one first class engine on the ground (the Niagara), the two second class engines of that place, No. 1 and 2, played out of 150 feet of hose, and out of a ⅞ inch nozzle, in which No. 2 threw water a distance of 180 feet, and No. 1 a distance of 155 feet. It is proper to say that during this trial the hose gave way, thus preventing either company to show to good advantage. This prize was given as above to Niagara Co. No. 2 of Po'keepsie. It was an elegant silver trumpet, presented by citizens of Peekskill.

For prize for 2d class engines, three were entered—Washington No. 2 of Peekskill, Columbian No. 1 of Peekskill, Lady Washington No. 2 of Yonkers.

Distances thrown out of 150 feet hose and ⅞ inch nozzle was as follows:—

Washington No. 2 of Peekskill ..... 185 feet.
Columbian No 1 of Peekskill ..... 178 "
Lady Washington No. 2 of Yonkers ..... 165 "

As before, the hose was found defective, and the boys could not show to advantage, otherwise some tall throwing would have been shown.

After the trial of engines was concluded, quite an exciting race between the above named hook and ladder companies took place, the prize, a silver trumpet, being awarded to Hope Co. No. 1 of Yonkers. The Peekskill company made the quickest time, but from a misunderstanding of the latter company as to the manner of putting up their ladders, they lost the prize. The distance run was 800 feet.

For 3d class engines, the prize, a silver trumpet, there being but one engine entered, was given to Independence Co. No. 3 of Peekskill.

The next in order, and the conclusion of the programme, was the trial of hose carriages; prize, a silver trumpet. Four companies entered in competition—Columbian No. 1 and Washington No. 2 of Peekskill, Rapid No. 1 of Rondout, and Wiltwyck No. 1 of Kingston. The distance 800 feet, to run and drop 400 feet hose. The result was as follows:—

Wiltwyck	38½ sec.	Rapid	40½ sec.
Lady Washington	39½ "	Columbian	41⅝ "

The two carriages, Rapid and Wiltwyck, are lighter and easier running than the other two. Those companies who favored Peekskill with their presence were, no doubt, satisfied that the firemen there were worthy of their steel, and though not so ostentatiously treated, were received with hearts of friendship and brotherly affection.

SPORT IN NEW HAVEN, CT.—The entertainment on Hamilton Park on the 4th, was a success.

THE TROT, for a purse of $100, best three in five; entries limited to five, no better than 2:40's allowed.

Sam Root's b m Lady Bess	0 0 0 1 0
H. Robinson's b h Trouble	0 0 0 0 0
J. E. Judd's s g Lady Lightfoot	1 0 0 0 0
F. E. Thorp's br h Rockett	0 1 1 0 1

Time, 2:58; 3:01; 2:59.

This was a close affair during the last heat, the struggle being between Lady Bess and Rockett, both showing good foot. Trouble was quite the opposite of his name, being perfectly successful in following the other horses a "quarter" in the rear.

THE JACK RACE, was a laughter provoking affair. Six went in, one went down, serving as a stumbling block for the others; result, several in a heap, while one with a leap that would have done justice to a "jumping jack" reached the goal where stood Eli, waving over his infantile (?) figure, a small edition of the American flag. The prize was a silver watch valued at $25.

THE FOOT RACE, for a V (anybody enter). Several "pulled off boots and rolled up sleeves" and went in. One enterprising individual made a "short cut" *sneaking behind the judges* stand, and just before the real winner came in, rushed up to Eli, and claimed the money. He came pretty near getting it, but too many saw the mean action and raised an out cry. The cheat put on cheek, but it was no go, "Short Cut" got his winnings, and the foiled Westvillian gave vent to his [illegible] to attempt to raise a row. The presence of stars was not favorable for an attempt to do business, however. [illegible] mile. Sport.

THE GREASED PIG.—Who got it? Four seemed to think themselves the "indentical pusson." 2000 persons were present.

BILLIARDS.—The recent hot weather has not been an inducement to visit billiard saloons, and they may be considered, at present, sports out of season. In spite of the heat, however, some of our up-town saloons have done well, and considerable talk has been done in them, in reference to the late match between Goldthwaite and Deery, and speculating upon the chances of the latter winning in the next encounter. The Foley vs. Kavanagh, and Fox vs. Deery matches have also been commented upon, but as yet, but little betting has been done. Cool weather, when it comes, will start things, however.

PIGEON SHOOTING IN ENGLAND.—At the great Derby Handicap at Hornsey Wood on June 20, there were no less than 124 entries. Twelve of them did not kill a bird, and seventeen only killed one. The result was a dead heat between the two first, and was shot off as follows:—

Marquis of Hartington	1	£200 and cup.
Mr. Hope Barton	2	100
Colonel Aunesley, M.P.	3	60
Earl of Brecknock	4	32

The winner was handicapped at 21, and the rest at 25, 29, and 24 yards respectively. Nine tied for the third prize; but, though seven were soon got rid of, the Colonel and the Earl had six shots a piece before they could decide it.

WHERE TO SEE THE ELEPHANT.—A Sumatra elephant was lately landed at Amsterdam, and placed in the Zoological Gardens of that city. It is at present offered by M. Blaupot, Consul at Sidjoed jeeng, and is said to be the first that has ever been brought alive from Sumatra to Europe.

"A JEEK ATWEEN THE EYES 'CORDING TO LAW."—After a well known Solicitor General had administered the usual oath to the grand and petit jurors and bailiffs, he turned to the presiding Judge, and remarked:

Solicitor.—May it please your honor, I do not remember any form of oath to be administered to the lobby bailiffs, but, by your permission, I think I can frame one that will be satisfactory to the Court.

Judge.—Proceed, Mr. Solicitor.

Sol.—Put your hand on the book. Whereupon a tall, lean, vinegar-faced son of Anakes stepped up and promptly grabbed the book.

Sol.—You do solemnly swear in the presence of this court and us lawyers, that you will take your position in the lobby, and there remain with your eyes skinned during the entire session of of this court. That you will not suffer any one to speak above a low whisper, and if any one shall dare to do so in the presence of your royal highness, you will vociferously exclaim, "Silence in the lobby!" and if further order is not immediately restored, you swear that you will, by one ponderous blow of your fist, planted between the peepers of the offender, knock him down. All this you will do to the best of your skill and knowledge, so help you God?

The bailiff took the position assigned him, and immediately after the court was organized, Tom Diggers, who looked as green as young gourds, walked into the court room, wearing brogans No. 11

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. A. De Con, Brooklyn.—Send along those corrected games at your convenience.

On the Square, Williamsburgh.—What do you think of "Cupar-Fife?" Let us hear from you.

James H. Burnham, Lansingburgh, N. Y.—The End-game graces our column this week. A *good* game will be quite acceptable.

Acceptance.—The "prize money" ($10,) has been duly mailed to your address.

P. M., Harwich, C. W.—Will wait for your reply until next week; if not received at the expiration of that time, the game will be discontinued, as a matter of necessity.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 13—VOL. X.

BY J. B.

White.		Black.	
1..11	7	2	11
2..24	19	15	24
3.. 9	6	22	15
4.. 3	8	11	4
5..14	9	5	14
6.. 6	2	15	6
7.. 2	11, and wins. Splendid!		

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 79th POSITION.

Black.		White.	
1..23	18	11	7
2..18	9	7	2

Drawn.

New York, June 26, 1862.

Mr. Draught Editor—*Dear Sir:* The game I enclose, you will find in the A. D. P. It originated with the compiler of said book.

GAME No. 13—VOL. X.

OLD FOURTEENTH.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11	to 15	23	to 19	14.. 3	to 8	19	to 16
2.. 8	11	22	17	15..12	19	20	16
3.. 4	8	17	13	16..15	19	24	15
4..15	18	24	20	17..11	25	16	12
5..11	15	28	24	18..13	22	12	3
6.. 8	11	25	22	19.. 9	13	26	17
7..18	25	29	22	20..13	22	28	24
8.. 9	14	27	23	21.. 6	9	24	19
9.. 6	9	13	6	22..25	30	19	15
10.. 2	9	22	17	23..10	19	3	26
11.. 1	6	32	28	24..30	23	21	17
12.. 9	13	26	22	25.. 9	13	17	14
13.. 5	9	30	26	26..23(1)	18(2)		

The compiler leaves off play here, and says "Black wins." For his benefit, I send you a short analysis.

(1)

26..		14	9	32..26	30	9	14
27..13	17	20	16	33..30	25	14	9
28..18	15	9	6	34..25	30	9	14
29..17	22	6	2	35..22	25	14	17
30..19	23	2	6	36..25	29	17	21
31..23	26	6	9	37..29	25	31	26

Drawn.

(2)

26..		14	10	32..22	25	6	10
27..18	15	10	6	33..25	29	12	8
28..13	17	20	16	34..11	4	10	15
29..17	22	16	12	35..29	25	15	18
30..15	11	6	2	36..23	26	31	22
31..19	23	2	6		Drawn.		

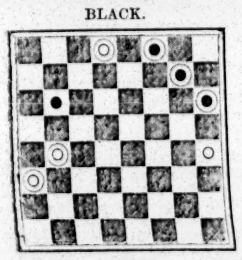
I hope the compiler will be pleased with the above correction, and when he gets out his next edition of blunders, he *won't* give the credit of the above to Yours, &c., Express.

POSITION No. 14—Vol. X.

By J. H. Burnham

END-GAME.

BLACK.

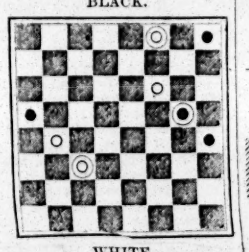


WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE 80th POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND W. S. K.

Black—Mary.		White—W. S. K.	
23.. 7	11	22	18
24..15	22	8	15

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND P. M. HARWICH.

Black—G. M. B.		White—P. M. H.	
5..16	23	27	18
6.. 7	16		

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS ITEMS.

Book of the Congress.—We are pleased to learn by the *Era* that it has been decided to incorporate the records of the Bristol meeting of the "British Chess Association," held last year, with those of the forthcoming World's Congress. The guinea subscribers, to either, will receive a copy of the book. The volume will be rich beyond any precedent in superior chess problems. It was the Bristol meeting which elicited the masterly prize problems that have for some time formed our series of enigmas. We may in this connection repeat the announcement that *over forty sets* of problems, from all parts of the world, have been entered for the various prizes at the World's Congress, composers from almost every nation swelling this long roll. This is a splendid success, exceeding the most sanguine expectations of the committee. Well may he take the Championship of the world who wins here, each in his own peculiar department. The fund has reached £557. *Palmam qui meruit, ferat.*

M. de Riviere, the conqueror in the great tournament just closed at the *Cafe de la Regence*, has visited Rome, and played a series of games with Signor Dubois, the champion of Italy. The result was: Signor D., 0; drawn, 1; M. de R., all the rest.

Valentine Green, Esq., so long in India, where his contests with some of the leading Brahmin players excited much attention, has been trying his skill with some of the leading English players, since his return home. With Mr. Burden (two matches) he has won eight to three; with Herr Falkbeer, at last advices, he stood four to four; and with Herr Loewenthal, receiving P and move, three to four. These results will enable us to estimate the opinions of Mr. Green comparing the strength of the Brahmins' play with the best Europeans and Americans.

The Tournament (handicap) just closing at the St. James' C. C. is likely to result in a final victory to a Mr. Sich. Of course the Chess world is now all agog, not to say in arms, and tilts, and matches, and trials of strength, and furbishing up of armor, speak the notes of active preparation on every side for the great fray.

INTERNATIONAL CHESS CONGRESS.

The present Chess Congress bids fair to prove a greater success than any of its predecessors. It has excited the greatest interest, not only in England, but throughout Europe, and, indeed, in every part of the world where chess is played; and we are gratified to state that thus far the efforts of the committee have been attended with the utmost success. The matches in the various Tournaments commenced on Monday last, and, as our readers are aware, were played at the various Metropolitan Chess circles, at all of which the attendance has been numerous throughout the week.

The first game in the Grand Tournament was played at the London Chess Club, between Mr. Montgredien, the President of that Club, and Mr. Barnes.

On Monday, the 16th, three games were played—one between Messrs. Barnes and Anderssen, at the St. George's Chess Club; the second between Mr. Roby and Mr. Paulsen; and the third, at the London, between Messrs. Montgredien and McDonnell.

On the 17th, three games were played—two at the London, between Messrs. Green and Blackburne, and Steinitz and Anderssen; and the third, at the Divan, between Messrs. Barnes and Roby.

On the 18th, a game was played at the St. George's, between Messrs. Barnes and Owen; and two others at the Divan, between Steinitz and McDonnell.

On the 19th, two games were played at the London—one between Messrs. Deacon and Anderssen, and the other between Messrs. Montgredien and Loewenthal.

On the 20th, three games were played at the St. George's Chess Club, between Messrs. Anderssen and Roby; and two others, at the Grand Cigar Divan, between Messrs. Deacon and Green, and Messrs. Blackburne and McDonnell.

The winners in these encounters were: Anderssen, 5 games; Barnes, 2 games; Paulsen, 1 game; McDonnell, 2 games; Blackburne, 1 game; Owen, 1 game; Loewenthal, 1 game; Deacon, 1 game.

In the Handicap Tournament the following games have been played:—Lord Lyttleton v. Mr. J. S. Green—Mr. Green won one, and two drawn games; Lord Cremorne v. Mr. Deacon—Mr. Deacon 1; Anderssen v. Pearson—Anderssen 2; Medley v. Mackenzie—Mackenzie 1; Blackburne v. Solomons—Solomons 2; Schrader v. Lamb—Lamb 1; V. Green v. Chinnery—one drawn game; Rev. Mr. Salter v. Cole—Cole 1 game; Young v. Hannah—Hannah 2 games.

It will thus be seen that four are already thrown out in the Tournament.

Engagements for Next Week.—Monday.—Messrs. Hannah and Owen, at the St. George's; Loewenthal and Green, St. George's; Steinitz and Blackburne, London Chess Club.

Tuesday.—Montgredien and Steinitz, London Chess Club; Deacon and Blackburne, London Chess Club; Barnes and Loewenthal, St. George's Chess Club.

Wednesday.—Lord Cremorne and Mr. Deacon, St. George's Chess Club; Blackburne and Loewenthal, St. James', two o'clock.

Thursday.—Hannah and Steinitz, London Chess Club; Owen and Paulsen, St. George's; Dean and McDonnell, Cigar Divan; Roby and Loewenthal, Cigar Divan.

Friday.—Deacon and Steinitz; St. George's Chess Club.

Saturday.—Deacon and Montgredien, London Chess Club; Paulsen and Blackburne, St. George's; Owen and Hannah, St. James'.

We must reserve our critique on the various performances until another occasion, merely observing for the present that some of the games have been highly interesting.

Among the visitors present during the week we may mention Messrs. Kipping, Spark, Gibson, and Gillam, the Honorary Secretaries of the Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Worcester Chess Clubs. Among the foreign visitors were M. de Riviere, and the Chevalier de St. Bou.

Signor Dubois, the Champion of Italian Chess, is expected in town to-day. We have just heard that Mr. McDonnell won in the grand Tournament with Mr. Blackburne.—*Era, June* 22.

Ruy Lopez.—In conclusion, and as an illustration of his interesting item of last week, our contributor says:—"I send you a couple of 'openings' that occurred to me recently which, though they are nothing when complete as games, illustrate well the strong position attainable by the Attack when the Defence is weakly conducted, if even only through a momentary inadvertence.

E. W. B.	Mr. Keiser.	E. W. B.	Mr. Keiser.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	9..Q to her R 4	K to Q 2 *bad*
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	10..P-K 5	Q P × P
3..K B-Kt 5	P-Q 3	11..Q P × P	Q-K 3
4..P-Q B 3	P-Q R 3	12..K Kt-Q 4	Q-her 4
5..K B × Kt +	Kt P × B	13..Q Kt-B 3	Q-her B 4
6..P-Q 4	K P × P	14..Q B-K 3	Q-Kt 3
7..B P × P	Q B-Kt 5	15..K R-K sq	K-Q B sq, and
8..Castles	Q-K B 3	I then exchanged Queens, won two pawns, forced a Rook for a Kt *twice* and scored the *partie* easily. [16..Kt to K 6th. How's that?	

E. W. B.	P. Richardson.	E. W. B.	P. Richardson.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	8..K R to K sq +	K B to K 2
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	9..K Kt-Q 4	Q B-Q 2
3..K B-Kt 5	K Kt-B 3	10..K B × Kt	Kt P × B
4..P-Q 4	K Kt × P	11..Q-K B 3	P-Q B 4
5..Q P × P	P-Q 4	12..Kt-Q B 6	K B × Kt
6..P × P *en pass*	K Kt × P	13..Q × K B ×	K-his B sq
7..Castles	P-K R 3	14..Q × B 2d P, and the upshot was that I afterwards won Q R P, Q B P, and K B P, exchanged all the pieces, and the Pawns went on to glory.	

ENIGMA No. 336.

Fourth Prize Problem.—By Wm. Mitcheson, Esq.

"Extremos Predeat Redusse."

at his R sq, her 4, K 4, Q B 4, Q 3 6, Q B 3d.

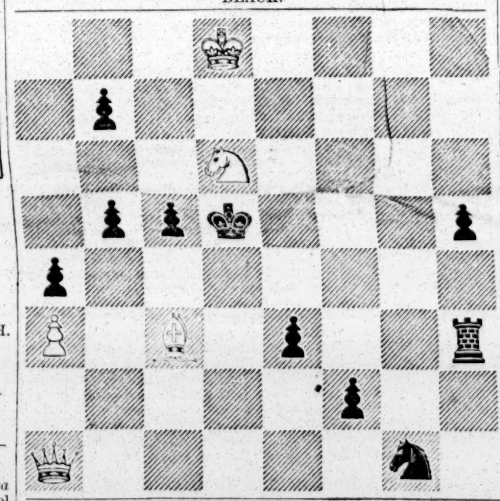
at Q Kt 4, K R sq, Q 2, Q 3, K B 2, Q Kt 6, Q B 8, K R 7th, and Black Pawns at Q R 4, and Q R 5th.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 336.

BY THEO. M. BROWN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

GAME No. 336.

Partie between our contributor E. McCutcheon and Mr. Wm. Richardson.

KING'S KT'S GAMBIT.

Attack, Richardson.	Defence, McCutcheon.	Attack, Richardson.	Defence, McCutcheon.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	15..Kt P × P	Kt P × P
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	16..K R × P	K R-Kt sq (*d*)
3..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	17..K R-Kt 3	P-K B 4
4..K B-B 4	K B-Kt 2	18..Q-her B 4	Q B-Kt 4
5..P-Q 4	P-Q 3 (*a*)	19..Q-Kt 4	P-Q B 4
6..Castles	P-K R 3	20..P × P *en pas* (*e*)	Q-Kt 3 +
7..P-Q B 3	Q B-K 3	21..K-R sq (*f*)	B P × P
8..P-Q 5	Q B-Kt 5	22..P-Q R 4	K Kt-Q 4
9..Q-Kt 3	Q Kt-Q 2	23..Q × Q P	B × B 2d P
10..Q × Kt P	K Kt-K 2	24..B × R P	P-K 6 (*g*)
11..K B-Kt 5	P-Q R 3	25..K Kt-B 3	K Kt-K 2
12..K B × Kt	Q B × B	26..B-K B 4	P-K 7
13..Q-Kt 3 (*b*)	P-K Kt 5	27..Q Kt-Q 2	Q R-Q sq
14..K Kt-K sq	P-K B 6 (*c*)	28..Q-her Kt 4	Q-K B 7, and the Attack resigned.

(*a*) We have always found it the hardest of hard work to make students believe that the two previous moves, this, and the following one, against the form of attack here adopted, are the best possible.

(*b*) He *wins* (?) a poor out-of-the-way P, but considering the number of moves it costs, and the Queen kept sadly wandering about, "pays dear for the whistle"—as we have somewhere seen it forcibly expressed;—he "wins a sprat but loses a whale."

(*c*) All this is going straight to the mark—no dabbling in side issues.

(*d*) The beginning of a well conducted counter attack.

(*e*) He has but small choice of moves, now.

(*f*) By interposing the B he would obviously have lost a piece.

(*g*) This "finishes" his antagonist.

Well contested and instructive *partie* between Herrn Suhle and Hirschfeld.—*Bell's Life.*

SALVIO GAMBIT.*

B. Shule.	Hirschfeld.	B. Shule.	Hirschfeld.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	23..P × Kt	Q R × P
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	24..K R-K sq	R-B 7 +
3..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	25..K R-K 2	P-K R 4
4..K B-B 4	P-K Kt 5	26..Q R-K Kt sq	K-Kt 4
5..K Kt-K 5	Q-K R 5 +	27..Q Kt-B 2	K-R 5 (*j*)
6..K-his B sq	K Kt-B 3 (*e*)	28..Q R-Kt 2	R × R
7..Q-K sq (*f*)	Q × Q + *best*	29..K R × R	K-his R 6
8..K × Q	K Kt × P (*g*)	30..Q Kt-K 3	R-K B 6
9..K B × P +	K-his 2	31..K R-K 2	P-K R 5
10..K B-Kt 3 (*h*)	K Kt-B 3	32..Kt-K Kt 2	R-K B 8
11..P-Q 4	P-Q 3	33..Q Kt-K 3	R-K R 8
12..K Kt-B 7 (*i*)	K R-Kt sq	34..Q Kt-Q 5	P-K Kt 6 (*k*)
13..Q B × P	Q B-K 3	35..P × P	P × P
14..K B × B	K × K B	36..Kt-K B 4 +	K-Kt 5
15..K Kt-Q 8 +	K-his B 4	37..K-his 3	R-K R 7
16..K R-B sq	K-Kt 3	38..Kt-K Kt 2	P-Q B 3
17..K Kt-K 6	Q Kt-R 3	39..K-his 4	P-Q 4 +
18..K-Q 2	Q R-K sq	40..K-his 3	Kt-Q B 2 (*l*)
19..K Kt × B	K R × Kt	41..Kt-K B 4	R × K R +
20..P-Q B 3	K Kt-R 4	42..Q Kt × R	Q Kt-K 3
21..P-K Kt 3	Q R-K sq	43..Kt-K Kt sq	Kt-K B 5
22..Q Kt-R 3	K Kt × B	44..Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q 6, and Herr Shule resigns.

* Why this *gut* isn't known as "Salvio's Defence" we never could conjecture.

(*c*) The "Handbook" pronounces 6..K Kt-R 3d "decidedly superior" to the move here adopted. The variation is interesting. (See "Salvio Gambit," "Dime Chess Instructor," p. 64.)

(*f*) The best move—if Attack take K B P with Kt, Defence replies 7..P to Q 4th, winning two minor pieces for the R: and if 7..K B × B P (ch) the "Handbook, p. 263, shows that the Defence will still get the better game.

(*g*) If 8..P to Q 3d the Defence gets "about an equal game," which however, is better than he does in the leading game, thus:—

8..	P to Q 3d	12..P to Q 3	K B to Kt 2
9..Kt × B P	P-Q 4	13..P-Q B 3	B × Kt
10..B × Q P	Kt × B	14..B × P	P-Q B 3
11..Kt × K R	Kt-K B 3	15..Q Kt-Q 2, &c.	

(*h*) This is Phillidor's move; Ponziani plays 10..B to K R 5th, giving the Attack the superior game in a few moves—Handbook, p. 264.

(*i*) Instead of this daring foray of the Kt, the German *Handbuch* plays 12: K Kt to Q 3d, thus:—

12..K Kt to Q 3	P to K B 6	15..Q B to Kt 5	Q Kt to Q 2
13..Kt P × P	Kt P × P	16..Q Kt-Q 2	Q R-K sq, and the positions are equal.
14..K his B 2	Q B-Kt 5		

(*j*) This advance of K is according to the highest rules of art.

(*k*) If he take P with R, Attack draws by (ch) of Kt.

(*l*) This Knight can now come up and finish the affair.

MEN, MANNERS AND THINGS IN ENGLAND,

AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY EDWIN JAMES.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER THIRTEEN.

JAMES ASCENDS THE MONUMENT.

On a remarkably low piece of ground, inappropriately named Fish Street Hill, stands the celebrated London monument, erected between 1761 and 1766, to commemorate the great fire in 1666. I waited some months for a clear day, so as to have a good view from the top, but not until quite recently has this phenomenon—a sunshiny day in London—presented itself. The monument is near London Bridge, where I first put up on reaching England, the location of which is now pretty generally known to those who read these common-place letters, so there is no need of further words on that score. Outside, at the base, is a specimen of bas-relief sculpture representing something or other with a lot of Latin underneath, but as my education doesn't extend in that direction, it is more than I can tell what the superscription means: one sign, however, was as plain as a pike staff, to wit, "Charge, 3d each person," showing that however fond the English may be of dabbling in dead languages so far as statues and the like are concerned, they take good care to be explicit in money matters; for my own part, I can see no earthly use in this penchant for foreign tongues in preference to their own, unless it's a bargain between the Government and Professors of Languages, because everybody is aware how anxious folks are to know what this or that sentence stands for when it is in an unknown or uncommon lingo, and as a matter of course people go to studying such things under a professor, or hunt up the various dictionaries—all of which in the end comes out of a mania for quoting Dutch, Irish, or Japanese in such every-day concerns as the penny newspaper. This, however, isn't getting up the monument, is it? To resume the subject: I shelled out three new pennies, (they only weigh a fourth part of the old ones, which were exactly an ounce, or sixteen equivalent to a pound,) gave the countersign and commenced the onerous task of ascending 314 steps, going round and round for at least fifteen minutes before reaching its summit, stopping to rest six times. When as high as the law allows one to go, I drew a long breath and shouted out "Alabama!" just the moment my pumped out lungs would admit of the word; don't "go for to think" there's any secesh about me for doing this, because Alabama means "Here I rest!" and there I did rest in earnest. From base to summit, its height is 202 feet, making us, for the time being, quite high up in the world—I say "us" for the reason there were three sailors, two young Dutch swells, and, would you believe it, two handsome feminines. (It is quite surprising to see how daring English lassies are—*they* make no bones about showing a clean stocking: or one wouldn't think so to observe them perched up outside a stage, on each side the driver—a very common occurrence just now on the Exhibition 'busses.) Compilers of Guide Books very correctly say that, providing you have no time to tarry, by going up this monument and gazing around on a fine day, it is better than a week spent in walking the streets, as on a fine day all the principal buildings are very conspicuous, from St. Paul's Cathedral to the Houses of Parliament, a good hour's walk below. I see no reason for disbelief in their assertions, and if it ever should happen any of you have to pass through London, don't miss going up the monument. In consequence of a lady throwing herself from off the top some years ago, the authorities very properly constructed enormous high railings round, some four feet higher than the others, and since then this temptation to take a jump has been remedied. It's a dusty height to look from, and with the very strong breeze while we were there, the old concern seemed to sway to and fro like a big chimney under the weather—and the more a person imagined, it rocked, the more it appeared to, and not wishing to hurt anybody in the street by falling on them, we voted unanimously to adjourn nearer the earth. There is one thing, however, you will see up there that had never figured before, namely: an American shield, with an eagle and two flags above it, and underneath this deponent's name as large as life, all cut deep in the plaster with one of Original Jacobs' 75 cent pen-knives—that's worth coming to London for alone, ain't it? The descent was accomplished in short order by the others, while I took the trouble to count the steps just for fun, because my Guide says 345; there are, however, but 314—quite sufficient for general purposes, and more too! A brief description, and we can afford to dismiss this Tower of Modern Babylon. It is a fluted column of the Doric order, 202 feet high; diameter at base, 15 feet; cone at the top with its blazing urn of gilt brass, 42 feet, and was erected by Sir Christopher Wren.

EYE-SORES IN DRURY LANE.

Drury Lane, from its being so often mentioned in the Clipper's inimitable, unapproachable theatrical page, is perhaps more familiar than any other lane or street in London; many no doubt imagine Drury Lane Theatre occupies a great portion of the lane, and also think it a very choice neighborhood. Allow me to dispel these illusions. In the first place, except about six feet of dead wall, there is no part of the theatre that honors this dingy thoroughfare with its histrionic and venerable prestige; on the contrary, its grand front and principal entrance is in Brydges street, while Russel street has the great claim upon Old Drury, from the fact of its extending in a continuous line the whole length of said street—here we have the gallery entrances, or cheap parts of the house, which I generally manage to find out before all others. And now after stating that Dion Boucicault (he's dropped the "r" in his name since leaving America) has recently leased the theatre, and engaged Madame Celeste as leading lady in his sensation original translations, we will let Old Drury pass to the background. With reference to its classicality, how you have all been taken in, to be sure? Just one promenade up and down, would give a stranger more insight into the drunken, vagabond life led by certain wretched-looking, dissolute creatures disgracing the name of woman, than living about Brompton or Pimlico for years: it is hard to give these shameless females a proper name—though not exactly prostitutes, they certainly cannot be called respectable women; their grand, besetting sin, is a craving for drink, and to the loss of every household comfort, they seem to be for ever in a state of semi-intoxication; where the money comes from to keep up this incessant gin guzzling is a mystery to all but themselves—bonnetless, barefooted, and with scarcely sufficient clothing to cover their unwashed bodies, they revel day after day and night after night like so many heathens, (to use the mildest term possible,) with no other object but poisoning themselves and children by pouring down the cheapest and rottenest stuff ever manufactured. It is a pitiable sight to note not only the middle aged, but young girls, (many, too, with infants at the breast,) thus recklessly ruining soul and body, with no ambition beyond where their next glass may come from: they hang about the filthy courts and gin mills, when not inside, like so many leeches, with bloated face and blood-shot eyes, the very picture of misery. Of necessity, little harmony exists between them when maddened by drink, and as a natural consequence, female free fights are the rule instead of exception—indeed, one in every dozen either has a black eye or an ugly wound plastered up by a police surgeon, for it is certain *they* dont pay a doctor if they know it. These things are so common, that Londoners never think of noticing what would be considered so disgraceful with you, and God forbid the day ever should come when Americans can look on similar scenes with like indifference. Now I don't mean to say these wretched people live in Drury Lane, for there are hundreds of very respectacle storekeepers and tradesmen who occupy nearly all the shops except "spirit vaults," as they call 'em—but they may be seen hanging around these public houses so much, that but few hours of the day or night are spent in their rookeries down the many alleys, courts, and passages branching out of Drury Lane, and it injures the regular trade of the neighborhood sadly. In these remarks I state nothing but gospel truth, and wish to give no cause for cavilling: it is perhaps as painful for me to write as it will be to some that read this in print, but as the result of practical observations among a class of whom little is learned from the writings of wealthy travellers, tourists, and "highcality" authors, I can safely give these facts to the world without fear of contradiction.

Drury Lane commences at Broad street and runs into Wych street, where the Olympic Theatre is situated. Except the numerous liquor stores and coffee shops, there are no extraordinary buildings worth mentioning. Wych street is full of disreputable houses, disguised as cigar stores on a similar style to the Canal street concerns of New York: the street itself is otherwise insignificant, except as a convenient relief to the overcrowded Strand for vehicles: barring one little space midway, there is room for only one cart at a time, and it is a rich sight to watch the rattling speed put on here so as not to get caught in this small gap, and thus have to wait until those coming in an opposite direction have passed by. Sometimes a mulish, stubborn driver will cause a delay of many minutes by refusing to back out when he is disappointed in getting to the double width first; then's the time to hear Britishers swear!

In narrating the circumstances of a recent suicide in Connecticut, the papers say that besides being deaf, dumb, and an old bachelor, the unfortunate man had exhibited symptoms of insanity.

To be ahead of time—Carry your watch behind you.

Romping.—Don't be afraid of a little romping on the part of your girls, and never punish them for indulging in it, but thank Heaven who has endowed them so largely with animal spirits. These must have vent in some way, and better the glow which a little romping imparts to the cheeks than a distorted spine or a pallid brow. Health is one of the greatest of blessings, and only a good share of physical exercise can secure this to children. Let them romp, then, even if they do make some noise, and tear their dresses occasionally, and lead you to cry out, "O, dear, what shall I do?" Yes, let them romp! Sober times will come by and by. Life brings its cares soon enough to all, and let the children be happy while they are young. God made them to be happy, and why should parents thwart His plans? We do not believe in a dull childhood, but in cheerfulness in youth and cheerfulness in age.

GOURAUD'S LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.

HELEN OF TROY—CANTO XXXIII.

Howard loved Helen with that rapt devotion
Which burns the cheek and kindles in the eye,
And makes the breast heave like the tremulous ocean
When the south winds have sung its lullaby;
And Helen felt the self-same sweet emotion
Of most ecstatic bliss. She wonder'd why!
Their souls were kindred, and by Heaven singled
To glide together and become commingled.

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